The New York Times Magazine

Section 4

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, AUGUST 15, 1926 TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

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MR. BORAH GOES TO THE COUNTRY

Idaho Senator, Now on Tour, Intends to Inform the People About "What Is Going on in Politics and Government"—Cherishes No Delusions About the Presidency, He Says, and Is Content

By A. H. ULM

THIRTY years ago this Summer a young man of the philosophic rebel type became a candidate for Congress in Idaho. He ran in part as a Republican, in part as an independent and somewhat as a Democrat. He was defeated. Ten years later he was sent to the United States Senate as a Republican, but on his own terms, having previously passed up the Senatorship rather than take it on the terms of others. He has served in Congress nearly twenty years as a Republican. Judged by his votes and speeches he has been in part a Republican, in part an independent, quite often a Democrat—and always just William E. Borah.

And it is as "just Borah" that, according to his present plans, he is soon to "go to the country" on a speaking campaign more extensive than any he has ever made before.

"Though it be my last service to the nation," he says in commenting on his plans for the next two years, "I intend to do all I can between now and 1928 to acquaint the public with what is going on in politics and government."

As he sees it, "what is going on" is not of a nature that calls for defensive treatment from him.

Much water has passed over the political dam since Borah, young, dashing and eager, was first a candidate for office in 1896. Then he ran for Congress on the ticket of the Liberal Republicans, who dissented from McKinley's gold plank, supported Bryan's free-silver doctrine and flirted with Populism.

The passing waters of politics and time have made little change in Borah. He is now 61, nearly twice the age at which he first ran for Congress. But his hair still is crow-black with hardly a white strand in it, and his face is still slightly boyish, although it shows some of the marks of the years. His playful blank eyes sparkle with the youth that is his. Physically, mentally and, above all, oratorically, he is in his prime.

He may still be in 1932; but he will then be 67, or beyond the vague age limit that precedent sets as the limit for travelers on the direct road to the White House.

"I have no delusions about the Presidency," he says. At the same time he makes no fatuous denials as to his ambitions. For nearly a score of years he has regularly been among the authentic prospects for President, being now almost the Dean of Presidential possibilities. The records of five or six national conventions would contain nominating speeches and show blocks of votes for him had he so willed. But for a few scattering votes beyond his control, however, no record shows anything of the kind. For twenty years a prime "favorite son," he has never permitted a delegation from his own State to present him for President in a convention.

Second place on the Republican ticket was pressed on him in 1924, even personally by Calvin Coolidge. Out of the episode came only an anecdote, one that might well be, but probably isn't, based on literal fact.

After Borah was found riding idly in a Washington park and was dragged to the White House for the tender, Coolidge is supposed to have said to him:

"I want you to take a place with me on the ticket."

"Which place?" is the reply attributed to Borah.

Borah seldom indulges thus in humor, but an acute sense of it has had something to do with his avoidance of the "favorite son" rôle in conventions. On all occasions when he might have been put forward, he has held that the performance would be a mere flourish. And as to the nomination and the Presidency itself, he is known to feel now as heretofore.

"If those now in control should wake up on some morning and find that I had been nominated for President by the Republican Party they would groan, roll over and die," he said in conversation recently.

Yet he admits candidly that he would like to be President, particularly in these times, when so many problems that appeal peculiarly to the Borah mind float within range of that office.

Thus his probably single objective personal ambition may not be unrelated to the undertaking that he has outlined for himself for the next two years. It is unlikely, however, that he will play one tactical card with the Republican nomination two years hence, or the Presidency by any route, in view.

For political conventions and kindred mechanisms he has little admiration. He used to take part in them, but his face has not been seen in a national convention since he served as floor leader for Roosevelt in Chicago in 1912. After all was over there, he tried to persuade Roosevelt—the only man that Borah at any time in his life has ever really followed—against the Bull Moose enterprise. Failing again, a new phase of the Borah career started. It was the third, and the fourth is now apparently to begin.

The first was that of a bold and brilliant young lawyer and political near-rebel, keeping a firm footing in the classical verities yet adapting himself to the uproarious whimsies of a frontier community. The man whose inner shyness in some part caused him later to become a semi-recluse of the intellectual sort won first fame by feats as pragmatic as were ever performed by his subsequent political mentor, Roosevelt.

A champion of labor, he nevertheless went as the drafted representative of his State to put down an insurrection brought on by a strike and prosecuted the ringleaders in the courts. To prove a point made at the trial, he arranged to leap, in the presence of judge and jury, from the top of a fast-moving train.

He prosecuted later those who were accused of assassinating the man who, as Governor, had sent Borah as his representative to quell the Cour d'Alene riots. Meantime, he performed other feats of pragmatic spectacularity, as when, single-handed and face to face with a mob, by an audacious ruse, he saved a negro from being lynched.

He was not primarily a criminal lawyer nor by inclination or the requirements of office a prosecutor. His law practice was predominantly of the corporation kind—so much so that his enemies, following his election to the Senate, conjured up an indictment on the score of a legal service and caused Borah himself to be arraigned for alleged crime. He met the issue boldly and was promptly acquitted; but it was Borah's last appearance in the rôle of spirited Westerner.

Then began the Rooseveltian phase of his career. It was not Rooseveltian in the rough-rider sense, but rather as the man of the library. A Rooseveltian, Borah played the game of politics as a part of a team. He played it less strictly in the tactical sense than did most others, sometimes refusing to go with it; as when its leader tried to bind the team to the principle of recall of judicial decisions. On the whole, however, he played with his team, that of the Republican progressives, until the débâcle at Chicago in 1912. (Continued on Page 20)

Senator Borah—The Man on Horseback

THE RADIO ANNOUNCER MOVES INTO THE RANKS OF HEROES

Invisible Millions Hang on the Words of the Ringmaster Behind The Microphone and His "Fan" Mail Grows in Volume Daily

Left—"That Twilight Story."

Below—"Station XXX Speaking."

By MIRIAM BEARD

RADIO announcing is our newest profession. It offers to those who embrace it both a high salary and a nation-wide popularity. And it is becoming a respectable "career" for the ambitious modern youth.

Parents, in fact, need not despair if their children exhibit no talent for baseball or high diving, if they cannot win golf, Charleston or harmonica-playing championships, or photograph well enough for the movies. Such unfortunate infants need not now be abandoned or hastily apprenticed to a cobbler. Fame is within their reach. If only they have loud voices and the ability to pronounce "Tchaikovsky" without stuttering, they may be enthroned as idols of the multitude.

Willie the Weeper, the Hired Hand, the Little Old Professor and the Solemn Old Judge and other prominent announcers are already solidly established in the public esteem. Dozens of alert young men who introduce the artists at leading broadcasting stations have won devoted followings. Their voices, like the cinema star's face, are known to vast and distant audiences.

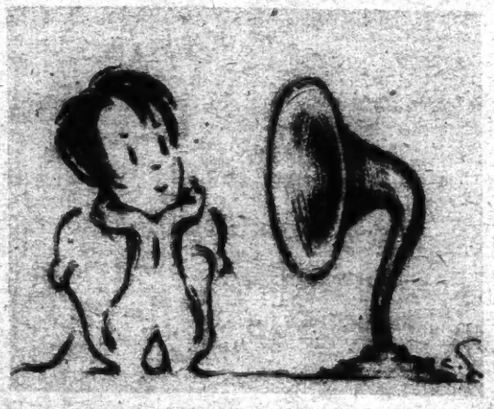
Gold cups and other pleading forms of attention are now bestowed on the new favorites. Universities are called upon to prepare them for their new duties. Controversies rage in the public press about their hold on the populace or their baleful influence over the lives of little children. And—final and sure sign of success—women now covet their careers.

Fame's Penalties

The successful announcer's signed picture now hangs, in the up-to-date American parlor, just over the mahogany-encased radio outfit. A fan magazine, containing chats on his home life and columns of "answers" to "eager readers" about the "intriguing Southern accent of ZZZ," lies open on the table. And the whole family know the color of his eyes and haberdashery, as well as the brand of his breakfast food.

His "fans" write him daily, encouraging his efforts and begging for his autograph. They know no limit to their enthusiasm. In fact, they will even endure listening to the program, be it a lecture on botany or a symphony concert, just in order to hear, at the end, a mellow voice crying, "Station XXX speaking! Senator Whiffle is going to tell you folks all about Europe at 8:15. Don't get impatient, ladies and gentlemen! Keep your seats! We will have the Rollicking Radio Boys in their banjo fantasy by annd by!"

Radio is, nowadays, very much like the cinema in its early stages. It is slowly settling down from its experimental period into an established industry; and the public is beginning to see in it great future possibilities both for recognition and for a livelihood. It is steadily opening up new avenues to fame.



The great metropolitan stations, like those in New York, are growing constantly more sophisticated, offering more ambitious programs of lectures, operettas and carillon concerts.

All over the country are the local stations, each one a nucleus of talent for the neighborhood. The tendency is to assemble a permanent "staff" of singers, pianists, monologists, domestic science experts, even preachers and school teachers. And, besides these, are the traveling "circuits" of wandering performers, comparable to those on the vaudeville stage. And more and more, in each station, the personality and ability of the "announcer" is felt.

He may be program arranger and responsible for the whole character of the station; he may even manage it himself. And he is expected to display versatility, to be assistant pianist and to "fill in" the lapses when the "star" is late with impromptu songs and jokes of his own. The smaller the station, the more important the announcer becomes.

Even in the larger cities he is often more idolized than the stars themselves. He has it in his power, by his manner of introducing, to destroy the effect of any speech or song; with a well-timed jest he can make an after-dinner oration sound almost ridiculous. Or, if he likes, he can add weight and solemnity to the occasion. A tear creeps into his voice as he brings out Little Bo-Peep, the Twilight Story Girl. With a "wise crack" he produces the Chivy Chewing Gum Orchestra. In the intervals he works up suspense by clever "patter" or reads his "fan mail" and answers his worshipers with a humorous and sympathetic manner.

The ideal announcer must be in close touch with his audience. At certain hours of the day there are exclusive "women's programs" and he knows that countless housewives are waiting at the ear phones for news on the day's menu and interior decoration. At other hours the school child or the farmer make up his invisible clientèle. And these must all be cheered up in some appropriate way.

Not only a knowledge of human nature but a fairly high degree of technical accuracy is required of the modern broadcaster. At such a vast gathering as the Eucharistic Congress no bungling amateur could be permitted; correct introductions and a knowledge of foreign names were essential. On this occasion, the Chicago Broadcasters' Association provided one of its experts. And, of course, trained men are needed to announce at the official chain of stations which sends out news of the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial. The field is constantly widening.

The requirements for ambitious candidates are growing more rigorous. One New York station insists on at least two foreign languages, a knowledge of music and the terminology of baseball, football and prizefighting. A college education is said to be an advantage and the day is not far off when courses in announcing may find place, along with short-story and scenario writing, in the curriculum. But, more important than a Phi Beta Kappa key is an ample voice and the confident manner of an after-dinner chairman or a circus ringmaster.

Pronunciation's Model

Like the film star, too, the announcer is model and pattern to the younger generation, who imitate his manner. And many anxious letter writers have discussed in the newspapers the new importance he has as "teacher of the young." Some have deplored his slovenly pronunciation and his ignorance of foreign names; these have advocated the entrance of women into the field. They point with pride to Miss Lillian Shaw, who led all the runners in the Canadian gold cup popularity contest. But others, against "equal opportunity," declare that a good pronunciation is in vain, if the feminine voice is inaudible.

The success of the announcer can only be compared, indeed, with that of the cross-word puzzle. To those who are not devotees it is inexplicable. And it is an irritation to many—especially to those who failed to predict it.

Many prophets assured us on the advent of radio that a "new age of oratory" was at hand. The spread eagle and the silver tongue would return to their own. The voice, not the printed word, would sway the multitude. Universities would broadcast their courses, thus returning us to the ancient days of oral instruction. Even the call to prayer would be heard over the air, as from the muezzin in the mosque.

Vain hopes were aroused in the breasts of the politicians. "Who," they thought, "would choose to be 'in the public eye' when he might be 'in the public ear'?" And it seemed that the "power behind the throne" might find its democratic equivalent in the invisible ruler of millions, the "man behind the microphone."

Senator Whiffle and Assemblyman Binks were hasty. They dusted off their boyhood copies of Webster's speeches, put pebbles in their mouths and rehearsed for the rôle of American Demosthenes. But they forgot that radio, like human nature, is fickle. The populace in this century is inclined to worship its entertainers, rather than its rulers.

The American public, of course, drinks in the orator's words. It harkens to his fiery denunciations of the Siamese situation, the flapper and the wrong political party. It absorbs his promises of a rapturous Utopia. And then it writes enthusiastically in to Station XXX—imploring: "Who is that witty guy that announced Senator Whiffle?"

From one point of view this emphasis on the announcer, to the exclusion of the orator and the soprano, is most deplorable. But, from another, it is inevitable and even hopeful. For the pessimists have long warned us that the "machine age" was about to make automatons of us all, destroy the humanity of man and reduce life to the low mechanical level. Radio shows us that this end is not imminent.

Village gossip is not dead, but enlarged to national scope. The "mike," or microphone, has not destroyed but magnified the personality of the man behind it. And, so long as people chiefly want to know whether the announcer at XXX really has red hair, it is not probable that the machine will conquer mankind.

"The Announcer Must Oft Be Versatile."

SHAMING THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS

Disorders in the House of Commons Today Have Had Their Parallels in the Past When the Irish Held Up the Business of Law-Making—The Lords, Too, Have Sat on Unruly Members

Within These Dignified Walls, the House of Commons Has Been Misbehaving

Etching by Albany E. Howarth. Courtesy of Schwartz Galleries.

By JOHN MacCORMAC

LONDON.

THERE is trouble at St. Stephen's. The Mother of Parliaments is in disgrace. Instead of setting an example to her children the world over she has lately been unable to keep the peace even in her own household. The debating class which she has conducted at the Palace of Westminster for the past six centuries has been getting out of hand.

Barbed words and hurtful phrases have been flying to and fro. The pages of Hansard have been studded thick with unparliamentary expressions. Rude jeers have led to ruder blows. Gentlemen of the House of Commons have even invaded the hallowed sanctities of the House of Lords, profaned its austere atmosphere with hisses and coughs and parodied the medieval phrases of one of its most characteristic ceremonies.

Many outbursts have come from the Labor side of the House of Commons in the past two years. But those of recent days have been the worst and public attention has been focused on their occurrence. There has been a rush of letters to the newspapers. Anonymous correspondents wish gravely to be informed what the times are coming to.

The contention of many Conservatives is that these are no chance scenes, no spontaneous by-product of controversy, but the prearranged climax of a deliberate campaign of disorder. Socialists, they say, having failed to subordinate parliamentary institutions to their own ends, have decided to bring those institutions into contempt. A cartoon recently published showed the giant and negligent figure of a Labor M. P. reclining with a foot braced against the Clock Tower and disdainfully flicking cigarette ash over the roof of Parliament.

So thoroughly is this theory held by supporters of the Government that only the tact of the party leaders prevented the younger Conservatives from organizing concerted physical assault on Labor members who heckled their leaders or made unpleasant remarks concerning their characters or careers during a recent debate.

"The Socialists," writes one of their critics, "are not betrayed into lapses from parliamentary manners; they actually organize and prepare their demonstrations. The effect of spatant is bourgeois, mocking governmental authority and bringing Parliament into contempt, is part of the deliberate scheme for generally destroying established forms or institutions. The historian can put his finger on the precise date when modern democracy apparently decided to defy the conventions of public life, mock its dignity and deride its decorum. The day was that on which Keir Hardie marched to the House of Commons to take his seat, wearing a cloth cap and accompanied by a brass band."

The Most Recent the Worst

The favorite means by which the expounders of this gospel seek to illustrate its truth is, inevitably, to contrast the boorish parliamentary manners of the day with the dignity and courtesy supposed to have characterised those of an older time. One correspondent recalls in The London Times how during the discussion of a vote of censure upon the Tory Government of Lord Derby he said: "Sir, we are here an assembly of gentlemen, and we who are gentlemen on this side of the House should remember that we are dealing with gentlemen on the other."

These words read impressively, and in any case to lament the decline of public manners is always to gain an audience. But are these generalizations always supported by the evidence? To the complaint that the jokes in Punch are not so good as they used to be the traditional answer is that "they never were." To examine the records of British parliamentary debate is to conclude that if politeness does not always attend legislative controversy in the present day, it equally never did.

Other Times, Other Boors

Rude as the manners of some Labor legislators may be, their match could be found in any century and almost in any decade. It is complained that their conduct has directly affronted the Speaker. But what of the actual assault upon the Speaker for which Sir John Eliot and other members were convicted in 1629? What of that evening in the early years of the nineteenth century when Sir George Rose, a country baronet of great influence and wealth, entered the House of Commons in a state of advanced inebriety and called upon the Speaker for a comic song? It is recorded that as soon as the Speaker could collect his scattered senses the sergeant-at-arms was asked to take the honorable member into custody, the honorable member meanwhile declaring that he would not beg pardon of the little man with the big wig.

"What," asked a parliamentary historian sixty years ago, "would now be thought of such scenes as those enacted in the time of Sir John Cust, Sir Fletcher Norton and Mr. Cornwall—of rebukes and interruptions, of unseemly altercations with the Chair, of the words of the Speaker himself being taken down, and of a motion that they were disorderly and dangerous to the freedom of debate?"

It is complained that Labor members have affronted the House of Lords. But the House of Lords once gravely affronted the Commons. On Dec. 10, 1770, when the Government of that day was trying to prevent Lord Chatham's eloquent strictures upon its conduct from reaching the public, Lord Gower moved that the House of Lords "be cleared of strangers." Several members of the House of Commons who had been waiting at the bar of the Lords to bring in a bill desired to stay for the purpose but were bundled out with the crowd. They were presently called in again, but the moment they delivered their message another outcry was raised and they were literally hooted out of the upper Chamber. Furious at this treatment, they hastened back to their own House and ordered it to be cleared, "peers and all."

In Disraeli's Day

If this is going too far back into history, a nearer comparison is a clearer one. Sir Thomas Erskine May, a noted parliamentary authority, had this to say in 1861: "In the earlier years of George III party spirit and personal animosities—not yet restrained by the courtesies of private society or refined by good taste—too often gave rise to scenes discreditable to the British Senate. The debates were as coarse and scurrilous as the press. The men of our own age * * * have improved in temper and moderation."

No Labor member of the present day outrages propriety and good taste as did Edmund Burke. Still remembered is his coarse characterization of Lord North, "extending his right leg a full yard before his left, rolling his flaming eyes and moving his ponderous frame," and his indelicate comparison of the North Ministry to a party of courtesans. It is recorded of Charles James Fox that he threatened that Lord North's Government should expiate their crimes upon the scaffold, and insinuated that they were in the pay of France. He spoke, too, of the King with less decorum and more violence than have ever marked Labor references to the reigning Sovereign and the Prince of Wales.

The manners of these legislators of another day were frequently as coarse as their phrases. When Pitt was assailed by Fox in 1783 for the terms of peace arranged with the United States, France, Spain and Holland, he was so sick from overindulgence in port that he had to hold open one of the smaller doors of the chamber and divide his attention between his nausea and the arguments of his opponent.

The maiden speech of any member, Liberal, Labor or Conservative, is listened to encouragingly today. How was it in Disraeli's time? When that rising champion of Conservatism, foppish in attire and affected in gesture, rose for his first effort, it was greeted with derisive laughter, punctuated by equally disconcerting ejaculations and ended in a historic fiasco.

Disrespect to prime ministers is equally not a post-war innovation. When the Parliament act abolishing the power of veto by the House of Lords over money bills was under discussion, Mr. Asquith was howled down for almost an hour "amid catcalls, zoological cries and such im-

(Continued on Page 28)

THE PARTHENON'S COLUMNS TO RISE AGAIN

America Provides the Restoration Fund, and, in Elihu Root's Words, the Pins Are to Be Set Up Again for Old Time to Bowl at for Perhaps Two or Three Thousand Years More

The Interior of the Parthenon Looking East.

MORE than twenty-three centuries have looked down upon the Parthenon where it stands upon the rocky pedestal of the Acropolis of Athens—a pedestal on which for centuries before had stood temples to Athene, virgin goddess of classic wisdom and patron of the Athenians, whose own wisdom was so worldly and so modern. The post-Persian war profiteers, whose great leader was Pericles, provided the funds to build it. Phidias was the master spirit of the Works—Phidias whose transcendent reputation as a sculptor has been able to survive, though not a single known example, or even a known fragment, of his own sculpture is now extant.

The architects were Ictinus and Callicrates. It is generally surmised that the surviving sculpture was the work of pupils of Phidias, especially Alcamenes and Agoracritus. At all events, the master himself had died miserably in prison—under accusation of impiety—before the marble blocks out of which the pediment statues were carved were brought to Athens. That, inscriptions show, was in 434 B. C., which was seven years after the new temple was begun on the foundations of an older and smaller temple.

We are now in a period of the world's history which curiously parallels that in which the Parthenon was built by an earlier vainglorious generation thrust into unprecedented prosperity by the new opportunities created by a victorious war. Another great war in which also Greece had her part—though a minor one—has restored that country to the modern version of its traditional democratic ideals of government.

Allies of Pericles

Modern Greece was a ruin. Hopefully, at least, it is now being restored. The Parthenon is a ruin. Now that also is to be restored—a little. It is not to be put back in the state in which Pericles left it in the golden age of Athens. It is not even to be put back in the state in which the Venetian shell found it still almost structurally complete 1,134 years after the first stone was laid. But some of the columns that have been lying prone since that shell found its mark are to be set up again.

And the setting up of these columns is to be a tribute from a small group of private citizens representing a country which, according to the greatest Greek scholar that country ever produced, has a population with a spirit curiously akin to the Athenian's spirit. You may read about that, if you will, in "Hellas and Hesperia," by the late Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve of Göttingen, Ph. D., and of Virginia and Baltimore. The little group, then, is a group of Americans. Each has claimed the privilege of being financially responsible for the setting up of a column—or maybe two half-columns. The joint offer has been accepted on behalf of the Greek Government by official authority in the person of Dr. Courouniotis, Chief of the Bureau of Archaeology, in the Ministry of Education at Athens.

The company of Parthenon participators—allies of Pericles to the extent of each resetting up one of his columns—includes the following: Elihu Root, ex-Secretary of State and of War, and so much else besides; George W. Wickersham, sometime Attorney General; Paul D. Cravath and Harrison Williams, jointly; Cass Gilbert, architect and at the moment President of the National Academy of Design; William J. Wilgus, the engineer who is responsible for the plans that decked over Park Avenue and turned a long streak of railway yards into an avenue of Brobdingnagian palaces—in short created a new fashionable quarter of the town; Louis Tiffany, whose relation to the arts is sufficiently well known; and John H. Finley, who has more or less specialized in college presidencies, and who was the spokesman of all the American colleges and learned societies at the recent dedication in Athens of the new Gennadion, the library added to the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, the books the gift of the Athenian, John Gennadius, and the building provided by the Carnegie endowment.

A few weeks ago Dr. Edward Capps, head of the Greek Department of Princeton University and sometime Minister to Greece, casually remarked to Mr. Finley at a dinner to Charles P. Howland, the Chairman of the League of Nations Commission in Greece, that the work of restoring the Parthenon columns, or such of them as remained practically intact, had been discontinued for lack of funds. Mr. Finley asked the privilege of undertaking to raise the needed amount, which was granted. The only difficulty was in limiting the number of participants, which was fixed at the "mystic seven" with a hope that it might be increased to nine, Mr. Root reminding his fellow contributors that this is "the classical limit of the five-hour feast at which we must recline when the columns recline no longer"—that is to say the dinner that celebrates the deed done. Yet at that dinner the classical attitude at a feast will be modernized no doubt as usual into mere sitting at table.

Two Dictators in One

And when the deed is done: "How old Time will rub his eyes to see the pins set up again for him to bowl at for let us hope two or three thousand years more." That is how Mr. Root sees it cosmically, and whimsically puts it. If there had been room for a Pericles in our time—a man guiding the mobile crowd from above, not merely leading it through the mire—Mr. Root might have been that man. But perhaps it would take a sort of combination of Stanford White and Root to make a complete Pericles. Pericles was political and artistic dictator at once.

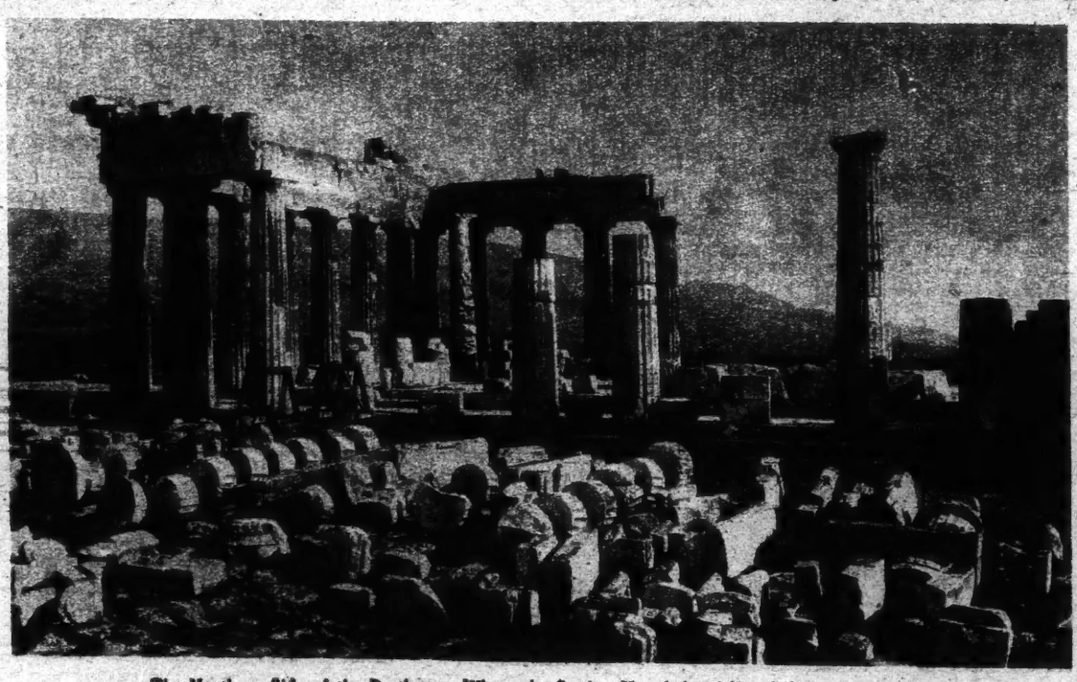
However that may be, Pericles's Parthenon was begun in 447 B. C.—thirty-two years after the final victories of Plataea and Mycale which ended for Hellas the Persian Peril. It was the supreme gesture and most magnificent expression of the imperial pride and local patriotism of the city-State which had shared with Sparta the first honors of the war against the Asiatic powers of Darius and Xerxes. Athens was about to dispute with Sparta the place of first power in Greece and in the world—as the world was known in those days.

The glorious memories of Marathon and Salamis inspired that noble pile with its Doric colonnade and sculpture in exaltation of Athene and her city, but the spoil of the Persian contributed less to finance it than the profits of the exploitation of the Delian League (which was a very small league of nations), the tribute levied upon the weaker powers of Greece, and the far-flung Athenian trade upon the sea. If we had a Pericles—or if, in our new democracy of the many, a Pericles could guide the policy of the State as he could, precariously and at his proper peril, the democracy of the few in Athens—we might ourselves be building the twentieth century equivalent of a Parthenon.

As it is we have only started finishing the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. St. John's shares a very respectable acropolis with St. Luke's Hospital, Columbia University and some hundreds of apartment houses. But able and meritorious as he is, Bishop Manning will hardly substitute for Pericles, who was a statesman and not a cleric or even an orthodox churchman. Nor can Ralph Adams Cram quite take the place of Phidias—though he turns back the clock of architecture all the way to the Gothic Middle Ages. Phidias's art was neither revived nor imported. It was native and present to his day.

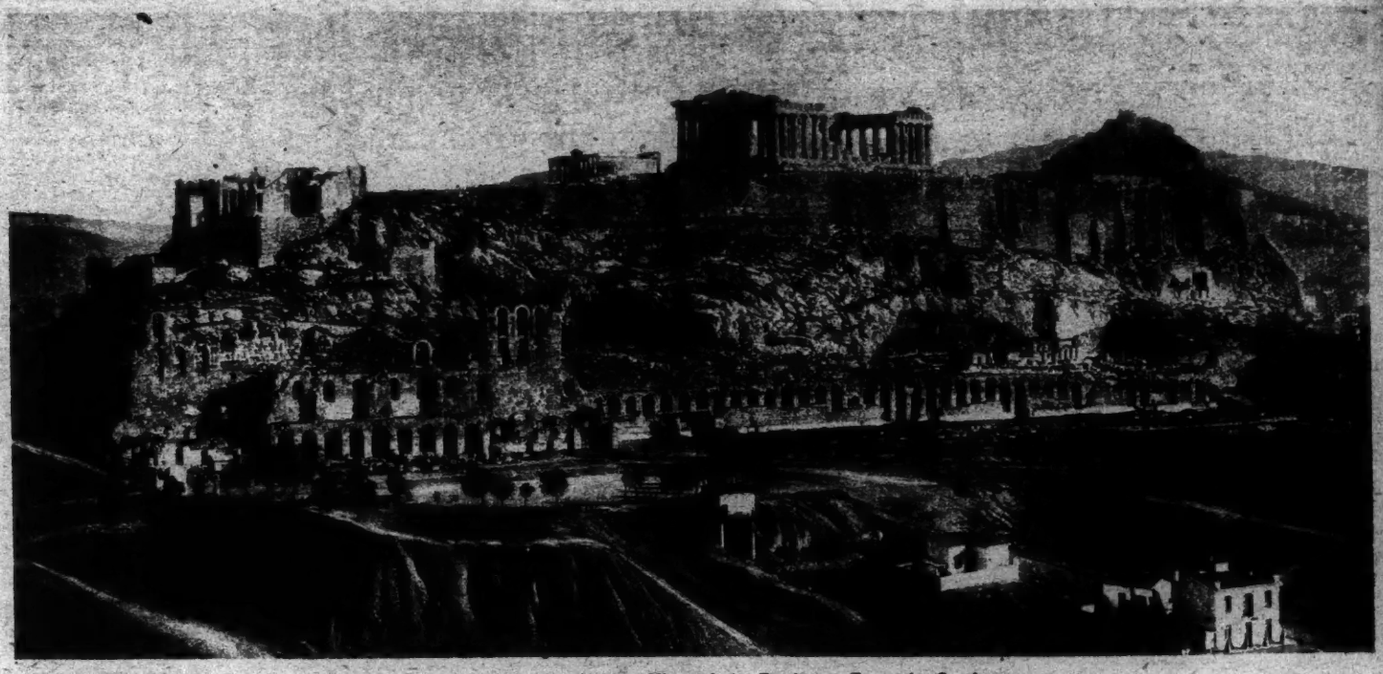
After all, there is a great gulf fixed between us and those very modern Athenians. Yet, in large, what happened to them in the fifth century before our era is happening to us now. A great war—a war waged as truly as this last to save the world for democracy—brought into sudden close contact two cultures. One was older, richer, more luxurious, more artificial, more composite, more decadent; the Asiatic culture accumulated from the hills of Iran and the valley of the Euphrates through Lydia to the coasts of Syria and the bounds of Egypt. The other was the simpler and sturdier culture of the Greeks.

That was a war of invasion from the East—the armed Persian hordes coming to the West into Greece. That was a war between Europe and Asia. Ours was a war in Europe and the invasion of the East (on our part) was invited. What is important in each case is the contact



The Northern Side of the Parthenon, Where the Setting Up of the Fallen Columns Has Begun.

Photo Courtesy of the German School at Athens.



The Acropolis of Athens, With a View of the Parthenon From the Southwest.

of cultures, a contact of masses of individuals on both sides and the conflict of moral and aesthetic standards in the presence of those masses.

What happened in both cases was that the Western standards went into the melting pot with the Eastern—and something came out—or is coming out—which is different.

The parallel is completed by two other circumstances. The first is that as the Greek culture originally came from Asia and had been simplified by new geographical conditions, so ours came from Europe and were simplified by new geographical conditions also—in other words, by pioneering. The second is that the Greek civilization, like our own, had already begun to outgrow and be irked by the strict construction of the home-made standards. Like us, the Greeks won the war. Like us, they lost something of themselves in winning it. Like us, they made a lot of money. Like us, they spent it lavishly and spent a lot of it on building.

Built Despite Traitors

But we have no Parthenon and no Pericles. Pericles lies with the centuries' dust in which also lies the Unknown Soldier of our late war. The Parthenon still stands—or some of it still stands—upon the pedestal of the Acropolis and may be seen from out at sea, whence, they say, the Persian fleet got signals before Marathon from traitorous members of Pericles's Tory family, the rich and proud Alcmaeonidae. That may be a libel. We also have had Tories among our best families.

Pericles's Parthenon was not built then; it was the older temple attributed to Peistratus which stood on the same foundations. But the war was won and the Parthenon built in spite of traitors. There it is in this twentieth century, the monument to an Alcmaeonid who did more than any other one person to give his city immortal fame. A thousand years it stood intact, through all the wars with Sparta and with Thebes, through the wars of Alexander and his Generals, through the wars of the Romans, past great Caesar's time and far into the age when the mere name of Caesar had become an imperial title.

At last the old gods of Greece and Rome were quite dead—slain by the new religion that came up out of Judaea. Then, some time in the fifth century after Christ, they removed from the temple of Athene the colossal statue of ivory and gold which was its proudest possession and the illustrious work of Phidias's own hand. They turned the temple into a Christian church. Yet these early Christians were not utterly unmindful of the ejected goddess of wisdom. The church in the Parthenon was dedicated to St. Sophia.

Still into the next century, it seems, there lingered a certain respect for tradition—even pagan tradition. Then the Parthenon, the Maiden's House of the virgin goddess Athena, became the church of the Virgin Mother of God, she whom the French call Notre Dame. In Greek the name was Theotokos.

The pity is the sixth century Christians were not so respectful to the masterpiece of Doric architecture. To give the Greek temple churchly form they removed the inner columns which adorned the cella and took off the roof of marble tiles through which the southern sunlight had used to filter into the cool inner chamber. They spoiled the outer colonnade at the east by sticking on an apse, they meddled further with the classical interior arrangements, and they damaged in the process many of the sculptures which were the pride of antiquity and an irreplaceable part of the artistic heritage of the ages.

Some eight hundred years more elapsed before anything very serious happened to further mar the relic. Even when the Moslem Turks captured Athens in 1456 and promptly changed the church into a mosque, they did nothing beyond adding a minaret—which was a grotesque excrescence only. With the minaret the Parthenon is described by travelers in 1676—just one hundred years before our Declaration of Independence.

Morosini's Marksmanship

It had survived the discovery of America almost two hundred years when (in 1687) a Venetian force under Morosini bombarded the Acropolis in the attempt to dislodge the Turks. At that time gunpowder was stored in the Parthenon. One of Morosini's shells exploded the powder, blew off the roof—which was not the original roof—and threw down many columns at the sides. Later, when he got into the town, Morosini damaged the sculpture further by trying to take down from the west pediment the marble chariot of Athene. After the Venetians withdrew the Turks set up a small mosque among the ruins and in ruins the Parthenon continued for a century more with very little happening to it except gradual decay and progressive denudation by vandals. Fortunately, as a rule, these vandals were not serious art collectors till the beginning of the nineteenth century.

It was in 1801 that Lord Elgin, a Scots nobleman, obtained from the Ottoman authorities a firman permitting him to make casts and drawings, to pull down standing buildings where necessary and to remove sculpture. Some of this sculpture he found on the ground or inside of or even built into Turkish houses. Some he took down from the still standing part of the old temple. What he chiefly took away, as all the world knows, were the carvings representing the Panathenaic Procession—those which are now preserved in the British Museum and are called so preposterously the Elgin marbles.

In the old temple these sculptures formed a series of metopes—a running decoration around the walls of the inner chamber or cella inside the colonnade. They did not constitute a frieze around the tops of the columns outside, as many people fancy. Not unnaturally, there have been people who could see in Lord Elgin's proceeding little less than an act of vandalism approaching sacrilege. However, the chances are that if he had restrained his acquisitive hand, less careful and intelligent vandals would have carried off the metopes later and done more damage. There has recently been some talk of setting up in the Parthenon, as partly restored under the revived régime of Greek independence, casts of the Elgin marbles. The originals are for the present at least judged safer in the British Museum. There are, by the way, other original sculptures from the temple lodged in other museums—in the Louvre, for instance, and in Copenhagen. The Danes had their opportunity as collectors when the royal house of Denmark was supplying the infant modern Greek monarchy with a line of Nordic kings.

The West Facade Which Was the Back of the Temple.

A National Preserve

Under the Greek republic which has replaced that monarchy since the war tumbled so many crowns in the dust there is an even intenser national spirit in the new Hellas than before. That spirit naturally leans heavily on the prestige of the old Hellenic civilization and bets great store by its monuments. The Acropolis has for some time ceased to be a mine for building material and become a national preserve.

Certain restorations have already been undertaken there. For instance, the Greek Archaeological Society some time ago restored the Propylaea, and did it with "good taste and self-control." All that was attempted was to lift up fallen columns and other members and put them back securely where they belong. The architect who did the job was Nicholas Belanos of Athens, and the Archaeological Society was so encouraged that it set on foot a similar work for the Parthenon. Mr. Bejanos was again entrusted with the task, which got as far as the construction of scaffolding and the lifting into place of a few members when the money gave out and the work was discontinued.

It is this work which the fund subscribed by the Americans in the new Parthenon column participation will presently see set going again and pushed to completion.

The columns, which have lain on their sides since the blast of black powder that followed the shot from Morosini's bombard, will be lifted up. Though they have been lying where they fell for 250 years, the marble drums of the columns are generally, Mr. Belanos's examination shows, in good condition. The great marble beams which joined the columns above are often broken, but they can be raised and secured with concealed steel bars. The plan does not contemplate any more restoration than is involved in putting back in place what is still left of the original structure fit to be put back. The crime of rebuilding the Parthenon is not to be attempted.

H. I. B.

SAMUEL INSULL IS CHICAGO'S BIGGEST BOSS

Among His Varied Activities Are Public Utilities, the Opera, Politics and Farming—His Vivid Career

By GEORGE P. STONE

SAMUEL INSULL, farmer, patron of the arts, opera supporter and head of a billion-dollar aggregation of public utilities, is unquestionably Chicago's most versatile and interesting citizen. It is now revealed that, in addition, he has been playing fairy godfather to political parties, his contributions to candidates in the last primaries having amounted to nearly $200,000.

In speech and appearance the man who has revived the adjective "protean" in Chicago newspaper offices is as English as cold mutton. The London idiom and the London pronunciation still cling to his tongue, after forty years, and his sedentary build, his red cheeks, his retired colonel mustache are even more English.

The Insull career, however, is 100 per cent. American, Horatio Alger, discoverer of the most respected American pattern, would not have changed a word in the autobiographical sketch that Samuel Insull presents now and then to intimate audiences. The Insull story and the Alger formula agree precisely: Lowly beginning, painstaking devotion to humble tasks, promotion, fidelity to the boss, and success.

"Work, sacrifice some personal pleasures, and keep your ear attentive for the knock of opportunity," Mr. Insull advised 1,400 employes and associates at a meeting in celebration of the successful close of his twenty-fifth year as President of the Commonwealth Edison Company. The advice was characteristic.

"It takes application and sacrifice to make a success of anything," he said in another autobiographical speech, this time before students of the Northwestern University School of Commerce. "I don't believe much in geniuses."

His Working Formula

One appreciated and often repeated Insull maxim is this: "If you want to be rich, bear in mind that the only way is to spend less than you make."

Despite their age, those aphorisms might have originated with Mr. Insull, so patly does his career exemplify them. Sammy Insull, as his first English employer called him, began by sacrificing pleasure, listening for opportunity, working thoroughly, and spending less than he made—though that was little. The formula worked for him; he recommends no other.

The career began in 1874, when Insull was 15 years old. At a wage of five shillings a week, the lad went to work as office boy for an ancient London firm. He recalled for a recent audience two incidents of that first job as illustrations of the usefulness of his maxims. One was an encounter with the office bully, "who happened to be the great-grandson of the founder of the firm." The new boy made a thorough job of that by "tapping his claret," Insull remembered.

The other incident grew out of the disappearance of some postage stamps. Young Insull was suspected, as he himself tells the story; but a junior partner, whose admiration had been won with Sammy's night work, prevented a summary sacking. Calling the suspect before him, the junior partner asked: "Whom do you suspect?"

The answer, as it is remembered fifty years after, has the genuine Algerian flavor:

"That's not my job. After knowing what it means to be suspected myself, I'm certainly not going to be suspicious of another person."

The climber hit the upgrade in his twentieth year, after lamplight study of shorthand and accounting. Answering a newspaper advertisement, young Insull found himself secretary to Colonel George E. Gouraud, London representative of Thomas A. Edison. Gouraud was then organizing the Edison Telephone Company of London.

Insull flung himself wholeheartedly into the new business. By 1881 he had demonstrated such industry and understanding that Edison, in need of a private secretary, called him from London to Menlo Park. Edison was by no means securely prosperous in those days. Mr. Insull once said that he remembered "a night in 1882 when Edison and I nearly lost courage and thought of going back to stenography and telegraphy." Each sustained the other, apparently. At any rate, "by keeping everlastingly at it," they pulled through.

The inventor had little taste for business, even then, and sometimes neglected himself as much as his affairs for his science. So his private secretary wrote his letters for him, organized his companies, bought his clothes, and at times managed the Edison home. For many years he had full charge of Edison's business affairs.

Mr. Insull was organizing and managing companies before he had reached the age of 30. Recognition came in 1889 when the various Edison companies were consolidated as the Edison General Electric Company. Insull was made Second Vice President. Several years later he resigned to become the Chicago Edison Company's President. Thus his Chicago career began in June, 1892, when he was but 32 years old.

The young executive's success as director of Chicago's principal electric light and power utility was instantaneous. Before very long an important merger was staged. He was President of the new consolidation, and began active exploitation of his field. Vigorous promotion rapidly increased the consumption of electric energy. The per capita average was doubled, then tripled. Today it is far above the national level. Dividends became regular.

Mr. Insull now foresees the merging of all American power companies into a single corporation that will light all the homes, turn all the machines, run all the railroad trains of the country. Fuel gas and its byproducts, he has predicted, will be produced incidentally in electric plants developing power from coal.

How completely that vision had shaped itself in his mind when he first came to Chicago, he has never said, but before he had been President of the Commonwealth Edison Company very long his name began to appear on the directorates of other utility corporations. Insull was an early advocate of widespread ownership of utility stock. Before the war widened the securities market and brought about the stock diffusion in which some observers see the rudiments of an unexpected industrial socialism, he was selling stock to consumers. With the rest of the industrial world he greatly increased such sales after the war, until now the Commonwealth Edison Company has more than 25,000 stockholders and other Insull utilities proportionate numbers. Insull stock can be bought along with "L" tickets, ironing boards, gas or coke.

"What I am deliberately after is public ownership," he explained. "Not municipal ownership, but public ownership, that will result in a vast army of stockholders (and we have 500,000 of them in the State of Illinois today) to stand guard over their own property. When the junior securities of all these local public utilities are owned by the people themselves, as individuals, you will hear less about municipal ownership; you will hear less about attacks upon public utility interests, and you will find that the senior securities we have put out will be very desirable collateral."

But that is anticipatory. Before the war and the subsequent increase in "consumer partners," Insull and his associates gained control of the People's Gas Light and Coke Company, and another presidency was added to the Insull list. The gas company, in 1913, was in a sorry state. New York capital controlled it, and long-distance management had proved wasteful and unsatisfactory. Under Insull's guidance the company began to prosper. In a few years it had a $5,000,000 surplus, after paying dividends.

The war created an emergency in the company's affairs that evoked an interesting exhibition of the Insull technique. With its personnel disrupted by war drafts the gas company began staggering again. Earnings declined to and then passed the vanishing point. President Insull's remedies were simple and old-fashioned, but effective. He ordered his department heads to cut out afternoon golf, two-hour luncheons and extra days off. Executives were instructed to be at their desks at 9 A. M. Complaints from gas users were routed past the complaint department to the President's office. Presently the complaining decreased. Then earnings picked up. By 1922 the company was paying dividends again.

Today Insull is the directing head of utility properties with an aggregate value in excess of $1,000,000,000. In none of them, so far as the records show, are his stock holdings dominant. With a dozen presidencies and chairmanships, he is perhaps the most important public-service employe in the world.

In business the early-to-rise and do-it-thoroughly practices of Samuel Insull are not unprecedented; in grand opera, one of his latest interests, they were a bit shocking at first. General management of the opera was added to the Insull repertoire in 1922, when the privately subsidized Chicago Opera Company became the publicly promoted Chicago Civic Opera Company. The President of many commercial enterprises was made President of the new opera company by acclamation.

Insull's "Opera Salesmen"

The old company had just finished its most spectacular (and most expensive) season under the direction of Mary Garden. It had been expected that Miss Garden would serve again, but as Insull came in Mary went out. They passed at the threshold with mutual expressions of esteem. Miss Garden's resignation was followed by a statement from the Insull headquarters that Mary had been re-elected and might have stayed. Apparently all was serene, yet the suspicion arose and persists still that each of the principals had guessed that not even the spaciousness of grand opera would accommodate both personalities at once. Mary is Napoleonic herself.

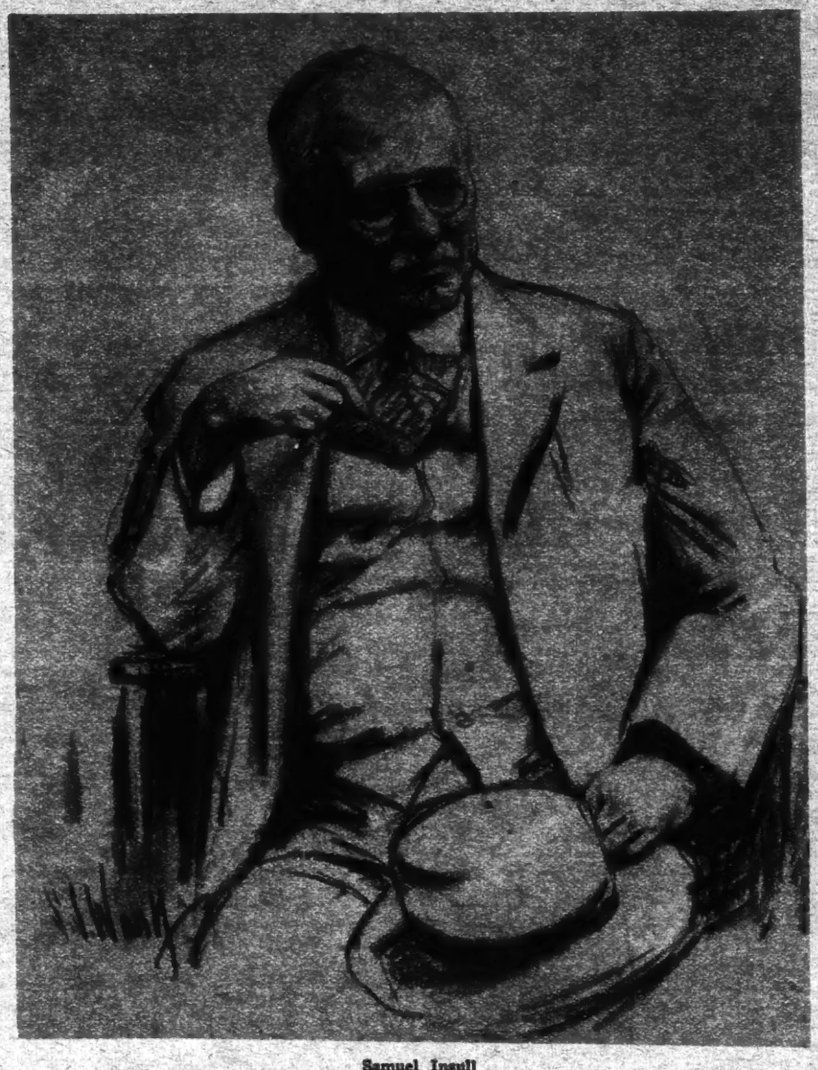
So System entered the Auditorium, and temperament took a back seat. "Drives" and campaigns to "break down customer resistance" were undertaken. President Insull and "opera salesmen" preached the business man's need of music. The enthroning of efficiency involved a public quarrel between the new President and Amelita Galli-Curci, with the consequent loss of one golden voice. But on the whole the results were prosperous. Grand opera, so long subsidized, promises soon to be as self-supporting as a waterworks.

Nor is opera the only art energized by Insull. Chicago owes to its protean citizen the handsomest lithographs yet produced by the art of billboard advertising. The posters that advertise the Insull utilities are among the truly important sights of Chicago.

The drama, too, has had attention. A year ago Chicago "L" stations and utility offices were abloom with announcements of the revival of "The School for Scandal" by Mrs. Samuel Insull and a distinguished company. The troupe even went to New York. There subsidy did the work of missing enthusiasm for the revival, it is reported, until the time came to redecorate Chicago with bulletins of a "triumphal return."

Farming is another Insull interest. On the witness stand before the Reed Committee recently Mr. Insull described himself as a farmer. Such, indeed, he is. His Hawthorne Farm, near Mundelein, Ill., has its own postoffice. The superintendent is postmaster. In Mundelein an Insull bank handles farm accounts.

Finally, politics gets on the list. The Reed Committee was told that two Republican groups and a Democratic candidate for the Senate had received Insull support in the primaries of last Spring. It was Senator James Reed of Missouri who called attention to the new efficiency of a political strategy that guarantees a "landing on both feet."



Samuel Insull

OLD CHURCHES, RICH IN ART, DOT MEXICO

Shrines Estimated to Be Worth $1,000,000,000—Cathedrals Have Been Centuries in Making

By R. J. URRUELA

MEXICO, which has been in the throes of a conflict between Church and State, has often been called the Land of Domes. It is a country rich in ecclesiastical structures and contains some extremely beautiful cathedrals and churches—colorful, grandiose, representative of the spirit of those who reared them. In many cases they guard an enormous wealth of art and precious stones and were centuries in rearing. It is estimated that 20,800 churches were built in a period of 300 years, with a total valuation (structures and contents) of a billion dollars.

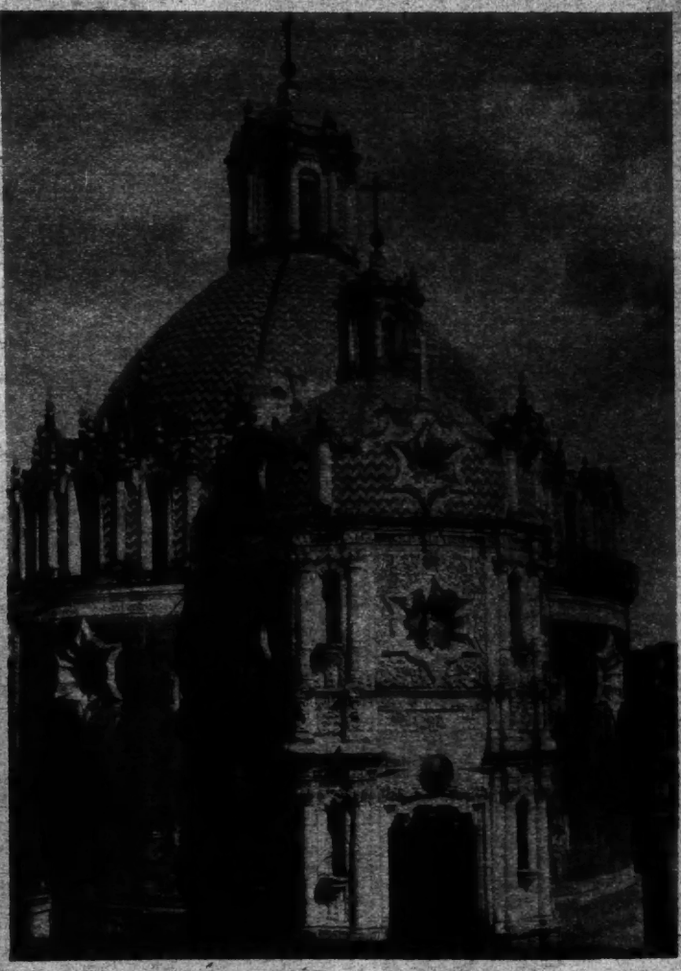
The Cathedral of Mexico City is the largest church on the American Continent. It occupies an imposing site facing the great central square of the capital, known today as the Plaza de la Constitucion, and formerly called the Plaza Mayor. The cathedral, together with the adjoining Sagrario—a portion of the great church, though of a different style—occupies the northern side of the plaza. The temple of the Aztecs once stood here and after the Spaniards had destroyed this temple it was decided that a Christian church should be built on the same spot. Two hundred and twenty-five years elapsed before the edifice was pronounced completed.

Its walls are of a coarse-grained and porous volcanic rock called tesontle, and the statues and other ornaments of the facade are of white marble. The towers rise 203 feet 6 inches from the ground, and the graceful bell-shaped domes that crown them have oval instead of circular bases. The sculptural ornament of the exterior is striking.

The interior is magnificent, the nave and aisles graced with twenty beautifully proportioned pillars. The retables and the predominance of vertical lines in the construction prevent the frigidity of effect that marks many great interiors. The altar del Perdon is of gilded wood. The chapel of Los Reyes has the effect of a grotto, heavily incrusted with gold in every part and glittering with jewels. The first Archbishop of Mexico, Fray Juan de Zumarraga, and also the famous Gregorio Lopez, the Mexican "man in the iron mask," said to have been a son of Philip II, are buried in the Chapel of St. Peter.

Another chapel, the capilla of San Felipe de Jesus, is the grave of Agustin de Yturbide, the Emperor, whose tombstone bears the designation "El Libertador." Paintings by famous masters adorn some of the chapels in the cathedral. The "Virgin of Bethlehem," by Murillo, and a "Virgin" by Pietro de Cortona are in the Chapter Room. A superb decorative feature is the choir, with its stalls and its two great organs, set in exquisitely carved wood that has never seen varnish or polish. These magnificent choir stalls were carved by the pupils of the first school of arts established on this Continent, founded by the celebrated Flemish monk, Peter of Ghent, soon after the Conquest.

The Church of San Hipolito de los Martires has an exceptional value from a historic point of view, marking the site of the famous causeway where the slaughter of retreating Spaniards took place—the Sorrowful Night, "La Noche Triste," of July 1, 1520, when the Aztecs drove Cortes from the city. The Church of La Santisima Trinidad, commonly known as la Santisima, has an important and beautiful Churrigueresque exterior, one of the finest in Mexico, while the historic Church of Santo Domingo, the Church of Jesus Nazareno, the Church of Santa Ines and the Convent of San Bernardo are among the other ecclesiastical structures of Mexico City that are held to be architectural masterpieces.



The Famous Chapel of the Spring in Guadalupe.

Beautiful Choir Stalls in the Cathedral of Mexico City.

"La Noche Triste"

Better known, perhaps, than the Cathedral of Mexico, is the Santuario de Guadalupe, in the suburban town of Guadalupe Hidalgo, where the Holy Virgin appeared to the Indian Juan Diego. Guadalupe is the most renowned pilgrimage resort in the New World. The first temple built in honor of Mary was soon considered too humble, and a vast cathedral was built to shelter the venerated figure. This cathedral was completed at the end of the nineteenth century.

The Santuario de Guadalupe is done in pure Moorish style, touched with the genius of Spanish romanticism. The "tilma" of Juan Diego, with the original figure of the Virgin imprinted, is well guarded. It requires a special permit to view it. This precious relic is placed on the main altar of the Santuario, in a silver shrine, under three doors of carved wood and glass, opened by golden keys. These keys are held by the three most prominent churchmen of Mexico.

The statue of the Virgin bears a crown of magnificent jewels, valued at half a million dollars. The face and figure are more than usually primitive. Her hands are clasped over her breast and her eyes are downcast. There is no strength of expression. Here one sees just a representative type of the Spanish beauty of the time. Yet this figure has been worshiped for nearly 500 years by hundreds of millions of people of all races.

The "Capilla del Pocito," or Chapel

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The Church of the Hundred Domes at Puebla, Mexico.

"The Summer Session Campus Is a Huge Sample Room of the Intellectual Life of the World."

SUMMER STUDENTS HIT THE HOME TRAIL

After Sipping the Honey of Knowledge on the Columbia Campus, They Have Struck Down Their Tents

By MILDRED ADAMS

NEW YORK'S greatest Summer colony is on the move. For six crowded weeks the 13,205 students at Columbia University's Summer session have swarmed around Morningside Heights, industriously gathering the academic honey and in return leaving their burden of hard-won gold with the lunch rooms, the fruit stores, apartment houses and hairdressing shops of the neighborhood. Now they are scattering to the forty-eight States and the innumerable foreign countries from which they came, and that scattering is one of the curious sights of New York.

It is as sudden and complete as the migration of a swarm of bees. Summer session closed officially on Friday and by Thursday night small piles of trunks and bags appeared on the streets, covered with tarpaulins against a Summer shower and guarded by the youngest son of one of the many express firms that cluster around the campus. By Friday noon the piles had grown to mountains. Then they began melting away under the onslaught of trucks that bit off a ton or two of baggage at a mouthful, carried it to a railroad terminal, spat it out and came clattering back for more. Today the stragglers are going out, some by bus or by train, others in motor cars, bound for Georgia or Maine, their baggage strapped at the side or jugging precariously on the rear seat. For much as Summer session does for its students, not yet has it installed a course to persuade slovenly packers how to stow luggage.

Encyclopedic Diet

Almost everything else under the sun or about it is taught between the first of July and the second week in August. From accounting to zoology the alphabetic list runs, taking in such incongruous and significant courses as boxing and contemporary civilization, dancing and evolution, filing and histology, museum administration and real estate, sewing, Slavonic languages, tumbling, violoncello and wrestling. The academic diet is varied, if not balanced.

The people who come to nibble at it or gulp it whole are of all kinds and classes, all ages from 14 to 70, or, if you prefer to be strictly accurate, the nursery school cherishes a pupil of twenty-two months. They come from everywhere—every State in the Union and every continent, if not every nation. The Summer session is a huge sample room of the intellectual life of the world, although its proportions are sometimes strangely awry. That busy gentleman, the well-known visitor from Mars, would be forced to conclude that we were chiefly interested in educating our women, for they outnumber men students two to one.

On the campus the disproportion seems even greater. Whether the men carry out protectionist tactics—fleeing to such masculine studies as law and engineering; whether the naturally sober coloring of their clothes renders them nearly invisible, or whether they are all herd together by common consent in Kent Hall to study Blackstone or pitch pennies against the granite steps, one does not know. Certainly they are remarkably scarce in common gatherings. They pass the Library furtively, shrink into the feminine lunch hour line at commons with an apology and pass like slim gray shadows among the chattering young instructors at Teachers College.

"You Make Yourself Known to Whoever Is Sitting Under It."

Only when you cut them out of the crowd do they stand forth in their true characters. Then you find that the shy person in plus-fours is an English student of contemporary civilization, quietly and unobtrusively on his way to becoming a diplomat; that the little man with the eager eyes and high forehead is principal of a great high school in the Middle West, where he is revolutionizing the teaching methods in secondary schools; that the angular man in shabby tweeds is taking a vacation from a huge manufacturing concern in order to confer with chemists from all over the world on certain delicate problems that have recently developed.

There are men with bronzed faces and broad shoulders—instructors in physical education come to test theories or to brush up on new methods. There are unsuccessful clerks who hope to write brilliant short stories. There are actors and musicians. And, most nonchalant and lordly of all, there are the undergraduates who are shortening their college course by gaining Summer credits, or insuring it by making up flunked work. Bareheaded, knowing, yellow-slickered on rainy days and brilliantly sweatered on cold ones; talking a slang that is as evanescent as their cigarette ends; they are perfectly sure that the campus is theirs and that these others—men and women of experience, professional achievement and national fame—are mere interlopers, come for a short Summer and gone when the serious college sports begin.

For Summer students do not go in much for sports, or for those hectic occupations known palely as "activities." They are a serious group, spending, as their vigorous director, Professor J. M. Coss, says approvingly, "more time in the library than in the swimming pool." Columbia urges them to play, however—arranges "sings," excursions, picnics and dances, and provides them with the finest sort of play apparatus in the form of tennis courts, gymnasiums and pools.

But somehow, if one has been saving for two long years to be able to buy a ticket to New York and pay the minimum rate for board and lodging, he feels that he must make the best of his opportunities, and that wasting time on play would be like throwing away some of those worn dollar bills. So the students dig with renewed and sometimes desperate zeal into their courses, determined to squeeze the very last drop of information out of professor, text and syllabus so that Aberdeen, or Laredo, or Peking will be proud of them when they return from the great city.

It may not be accurate to say that this attitude is more typical of the women than of the men. Perhaps it is only that the women being there in greater numbers their attitude is therefore more intense. One wistful person, gray and lank of hair, long of skirt and bent of shoulder, hurried out of half a lecture on the modern theatre and came to a dismayed stop before the curtain of rain that drizzled outside.

"Please, miss," she asked timidly, "will you tell me what time it is?" and hearing, gasped: "Oh, I reckon that means they'll be half way through the pre-school age. I've just got to hear part of that."

When Hair Net Reigns

And gathering her full skirt around her ankles, with her precious notebook under her arm she plunged out into the wet, to gulp down half a bite of nursery school as she had absorbed half the brilliant actress's dissertation on modern drama.

Skirts and hair alike are longer in the Summer session than in the Fall and Spring. Boyish bobs and shingled heads flash here and there, but in diminished proportions, and most frequently at the corner of a building in earnest conversation with a wide-trousered male of the species. For these brief six weeks the hair net reigns almost without a rival, pressing coils of gray and blonde and brunette to an artificial neatness.

Like the men, the women students are mostly teachers or school administrators, and they vary all the way from the North Carolina woman, who came from a tiny mountain village where she and the minister were the only people who owned a single book, to the dean of women of a Western college.

In fact, a diligent search on the part of Mrs. Julia Haskell, adviser to women students, disclosed the fact that there were fifteen deans of women on the campus, most of them come for the special course which Columbia gives for advisers. Important in their own colleges they are known at home to the entire

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ROMNEY HAS CLIMBED TO A DIZZY PEAK

One of His Lovely Ladies Fetches $300,000 — His Most Famous Model Was Fascinating Lady Hamilton

ONE of the peaks of artificial value for which the present decade holds the world's record was reached a couple of weeks ago when at Christie's auction rooms in London the portrait of Mrs. Davenport by George Romney was bought by a dealer for $300,000. It was sold by a descendant of the sitter, who explained that he hated to sell his great-grandmother, but he had to have the cash to pay taxes and keep up his establishment. The dealer—one of the most expert manipulators of the market in old masters—is reported to have made the purchase in a speculative spirit. In other words, he expects to sell the picture at an even higher figure.

Romney painted Mrs. Davenport in 1783, the very year in which that pedantic rake, Charles Francis Greville, brought to his studio for her first sitting the marvelous young person who became for Romney the model of all the moods of beauty and the Muse of Art incarnate—she who later became for the great Admiral Nelson the compendium of womanhood and the Muse of Glorious Victory. The whole world knows her as Emma, Lady Hamilton.

Lady Hamilton in the Character of Daphne.

When she first came to Romney to be painted she was a country girl of 17, with a "Dorick dialect" and a considerable, if brief, past in the way of lovers. She was at the moment the favorite of the "parsimoniously extravagant" Greville. Promptly she "opened her heart" to the painter—an "unlettered son of the people"—and began to be his model and his inspiration from that hour—though she continued the model of discretion as Greville's mistress.

Romney's Prices

At that time Romney was 48 years old. He had been established as a painter in London for twenty years. His price for a portrait of a head was 20 guineas, or for a full length 80 guineas—$400. Even after his paintings of Emma in all her infinite varieties of fascination had exalted his fame, his top price was 30 guineas for a head and 120 guineas, or $600, for a full length. So that, even allowing multiplication by four to cover the depreciation of all modern currencies—including the dollar—the best you could figure for him in his lifetime would be less than $2,500 for a portrait de luxe.

Taking the dealer's price of the other day as a measure, therefore, the value of Mrs. Davenport in oil has in less than 150 years been multiplied 120 times. As the dealer explained it, it is not all in the oil—or even in the painter. Mrs. Davenport was a beautiful woman—one of the beautiful women of the glamourous painter of the most bewitchingly beautiful woman of the glamorous century of Napoleon and Nelson, of tall grenadiers and still taller ships. At the same sale in the year 1926 the canvas of John Wesley, by this same George Romney, brought only 6 guineas, or considerably less than was paid for it in the eighteenth-century scale. John Wesley was only a man and a preacher, though he was one of the founders of the Methodist Church.

Changeable Names

Emily Lyon, afterward translated to Emma Hart and then to Emma, Lady Hamilton, was the daughter of a laborer or seafaring man at Hawarden, in Flintshire. It has been asserted, and it may be true, that she had a stepfather named Duggin, in right of whom her mother, who was the constant companion of the daughter in all her social progress up to the rank of Ambassador's Lady, came to be called Mrs. Cadogan. Emily was a slavey in her native town at 13. She was employed in a doctor's house in London when she was 16. Some say she sold oranges around Covent Garden. Others say that she posed as a model for the Academy students. But everybody is agreed that when she came to be painted by Romney she posed only for the head. In spite of being the generation's proclaimed ideal of classical beauty of body, she never posed for the figure.

Lady Hamilton As a Bacchante.
Courtesy of Kennedy & Company.

George Romney.

The Illustrations Are From Photographs of Paintings by Romney.

Her first titular lover seems to have been a dandy in the Royal Navy who afterward became an Admiral. The immediate predecessor of Greville was a magnificent gallant, Sir Henry Featherstonehaugh, who set her up handsomely, though not in her own furniture, as the modern saying is. She presided over his house at Up Park and "witched the world with her horsemanship." As everybody knows, Greville, who had the soul of a tradesman, even though his father was Earl of Warwick, transferred her, when his circumstances became more straitened, to his uncle, the eminent archaeologist and diplomatist, Sir William Hamilton. Hamilton appreciated her so much that he married her.

Among the extant accounts of Emma's housekeeping in Edgeware Road, where Greville parsimoniously lodged her (with her mother), is an entry, "poor man ½d." It is an entry not repeated. However, Greville served his purpose. For he brought Emma to Romney. And he gave Emma to Sir William. And because she was Lady Hamilton, and her husband was Ambassador to the King of the Two Sicilies at Naples, she welcomed Nelson after the Battle of the Nile. In his honor she lighted 3,000 candles in the Embassy and would have lighted 3,000,000 if she had had them. Had she been King of England (she said) she would have made that triumphant little man "Duke Nelson, Viscount Pyramid, Baron Crocodile and Prince Victory."

The real King of England gave him only a beggarly viscounty. But the Queen of the two Sicilies (who was Caroline Maria, sister of Marie Antoinette) made him Duke of Bronte—which is Thunder—Jove's own. That was under Emma's inspiration. The sometime country girl and slavey was the Queen's familiar friend. No wonder Nelson called her "nonpareil," like Miranda in "The Tempest"—she whom Romney painted as Miranda as well as Circe and Bacchante and Cassandra and all the rest. For Nelson said: "If it be a sin to covet glory, I am the most offending soul alive."

Lyrical About Emma

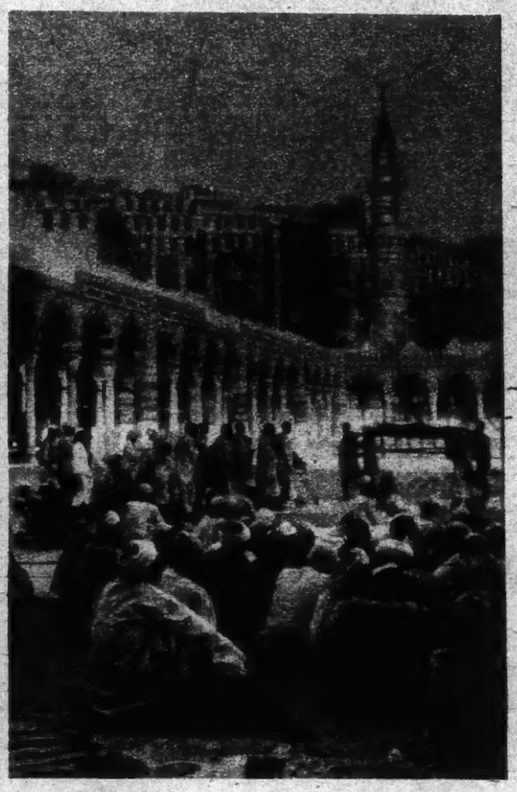
They all got lyrical about Emma, who could be all things to so many and still be herself; who had the power to bewitch beautiful duchesses like those of Devonshire and Argyll, equally with romantic seamen, elderly archaeologists and simple painter-men from the country who never became R. A's. Her magic was universal—this woman of destiny, who was ready to nurse anybody who needed it, whether it were the maimed Hero of the Nile, a sick cabin boy, or her elderly husband; whose "majesty and Juno look" frightened a famous Italian musician; whom a poor old woman "mistook in the dawn of the morning for a statue of the Virgin Mother of God"; yet who could cook and even make pies, and was an admired example of domesticity whether in the house of a man not her husband or in the house of a husband whom she was deceiving for a hero-lover.

All of which is important in this

(Continued on Page 21)

A NEW PROPHET SPEAKS FOR FIERY ISLAM

Sultan Ibn Saud Sends a Message to the World From Holy Mecca to Which, He Says, He Has Restored the Ancient Purity of the Faith—Flays His Enemies and Defends His Acts



Snapshot Taken by the Author Inside the Haram. Note the Bier Containing the Body of a Dead Pilgrim.

By SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH

I HAVE just returned from Mecca, the sacred city of the Mohammedans, where I had the great honor of attending, as a delegate, the first All-World Moslem Conference. While in the Holy City I was most graciously received by his Majesty Ibn Saud, the new King of Arabia.

It was my first visit to the city of my faith and I naturally looked forward to the pilgrimage with keen interest. Though a good Mussulman and the guest of the King and under his protection, I quickly discovered that tact and discretion were needed. In Mecca I was fired upon for such a simple offense as trying to take a photograph, and to smoke a cigarette in its sacred street is considered undignified among the stern followers of the Prophet.

Landing at Jeddah from the pilgrim ship Gurgistan, which had brought nearly a thousand pilgrims from Bombay and Karachi, we were met by the Governor of the city, a stately, white-bearded Arab, who welcomed us in the name of his King. He told us how he had spoken over the telephone to his master at Mecca, who had bidden him to express his delight on our safe arrival. Early next morning five Ford motor lorries came to the door and we started on our journey to the Holy City, which lies about fifty miles away.

By Telephone to Mecca

Our heads were shaved and uncovered and we were dressed in the regulation pilgrim costume, the Ahram, consisting only of two white sheets, one for the upper part of the body and the other for the lower. They are fastened together by knots, for no pins, stitches or other form of attachment is permitted. With the exception of this garment and sandals, we wore no other covering.

It was a thrilling journey over a route which had been rendered sacred by the feet of untold millions of the devout! At first the track was sandy, relieved now and again by miserable-looking mimosa trees and tufts of rank, withered grass; then a harder surface was encountered, running between rocky mounds of the most extraordinary coloring. The rocks were pitted with veins of black, yellow, red, green and other hues. Now and again we passed caravanseries with their blockhouses, where pilgrims can obtain accommodation. We passed many caravans of camels loaded with pilgrims, who greeted us with shouts of "Allah Ho Akbar!" ("God is Great!") Occasionally we detected the carcass of a dead camel or other animal, and perhaps a human skull, for many die in their efforts to make the Haj (pilgrimage), a sacrifice which insures them immediate entrance into Paradise. The barren hills terminated at last in a range of low-lying rocky prominences which skirt around Mecca. A few miles from the Holy City you pass two whitewashed posts. This is the gate to the Haram—the sacred mosque—and once you pass this limit you are not allowed to shed blood. You may not even kill a wasp or mosquito, or destroy such an irritating thing as a flea. With prayers on our lips, we entered the streets of the city. Alighting at the stand set apart for vehicles, we at once made our way to the sacred mosque in the lower part of the town.

The Sacred Kaaba

In the centre of an immense courtyard, surrounded on three sides by a colonnade, stood the Kaaba, an almost square structure, standing about thirty-five feet high, entirely draped in a heavy khaki-colored cloth, the usual gorgeous carpet with which it is adorned not having arrived from Egypt. It is toward the Kaaba that all Moslems in every part of the world turn their faces when they pray. We encircled the Kaaba seven times, reciting certain prayers as we did so. After that we walked seven times in Safa Marva, just outside the Haram, which is sacred to Abraham's wife, for it was here, tradition says, she gave birth to a son. Here we shaved our heads again, discarded our white garments and donned our ordinary clothes.

We were glad to get to the quarters which had been allotted to us close to the walls of the Haram. We performed our evening devotions almost within sight of the sacred Black Stone, a meteorite, set in silver, in one of the corners of the Kaaba.

The whole of the next day was spent in prayers and in the performances of the many duties all true followers of the Prophet carry out on their arrival in the Holy City. All the time I was looking forward to the promised interview with his Majesty Ibn Saud. At the appointed time a French car drove up to our residence and off I started for the royal palace, a large white building in the centre of the city. At the gate stood motionless guards, types of warriors who looked quite capable of giving a good account of themselves.

Hafiz Wahaba, the King's secretary, conducted me through three or four rooms, full of furniture of French and Italian make, to a large hall. At the entrance I discarded my shoes, and on entering noticed at the further end a raised dais close to a large window that looked out on to the road. Here sat Ibn Saud, the new King of Arabia, the controller of the holy places, whose sudden rise to fame, coupled with his actions in Arabia, has stirred the whole Islamic world.

Iban Saud is a tall, alert, soldier-like Arab of middle age. He and his followers, the Wahabis, may be termed the Puritans of the faith. He is first and foremost a man of action, the most devout of the princes of Islam, the desert sheik of the text-book, a veritable Cromwell among Moslems. He rules according to the Koran and rigidly shuns the additions and reservations of ages of priesthood.

Four of his Ministers were sitting with folded knees below the dais, while on either side stood the guard. The hall, a magnificent chamber, some 50 by 30 feet, was covered with a handsome Turkish carpet, whose pile was so thick that your feet sank into it as if it were down. I halted and made obeisance.

"As Salama Alaikum! Ye Sultan!" I exclaimed. "May peace be on you! O King!" To which he replied: "May peace be on you, my brother!" Then he arose and stepped down to receive me. Clasping me in his arms, he kissed me on both cheeks and I kissed his hands. He then led me to the dais, where I sat down with folded knees and downcast eyes in the presence of the mighty ruler of Arabia. He spoke first:

"I hope your journey has been a pleasant one and that my officials at the various stages have proved of help to you. I welcome you in the name of my country and my people. You have come from a great distance, but consider this is your home and not a strange country. All Mussulmans are brothers, and my home is your home. In this holy and sacred city you have the full freedom of action and thought which Islam allows, and I shall be grateful to consider that you may be pleased to accept our humble hospitality during your stay"

The Soayqa, Mecca's Most Famous Bazaar.

A Corridor in the Haram. This Photograph Was Taken by the Author With a Small Kodak Concealed in His Robe

Theological Interruption

I felt very touched at these gracious remarks and thanked his Majesty most profusely for his courtesy and kindness. When I was on the point of asking certain questions his secretary announced the arrival of the great Kazi of Nejd. As he entered we all rose. An aged, bent man with a henna-colored beard stepped slowly toward the Sultan and kissed his hands, then sat down, clasping a voluminous book in his hands.

"Begin, O Sheik!" said the Sultan, and the Kazi read in a long-drawn, sonorous but not unmusical voice certain traditions of Mohammed. We sat mute, and I was not sorry when the theologian had finished. We then lifted our hands in prayer and offered blessings to one another.

The old Sheik departed, coffee was brought in, and I began to wonder whether I had not stayed too long. There was a cessation of all conversation and I felt the awkwardness of the situation. Many questions I wanted to ask, but somehow I felt the King wished me to go. So I decided it was best to seek an interview another day, but when I ventured to express what was dis-

turbing me his Majesty replied: "You are not to go yet."

"Prayer and social talk here in Mecca," he continued, "are usually mixed up together, and the company of our brothers coming from distant countries is so rare that I shall not let you go. Who knows tomorrow whether we live or whether we die?"

Greatly encouraged, I determined to seek light on many matters which were disturbing me and perplexing others not of our persuasion.

Moslem World Stirred

"There are millions and millions of Moslems all over the world," I began, "who have followed with great concern all the happenings of which Arabia has been the centre for the last ten or twelve years. More particularly are they concerned about certain license which the troops of Nejd took at Taif in massacring thousands of men, women and children, apparently without cause. Furthermore, one-third of the money, jewelry and other effects which had been looted by the troops had gone to his Majesty as the rightful share of the booty; from this one concluded that these people were not considered to be Mussulmans, and because they were not true followers of the Prophet his Majesty had a right to take their lives and their property. Also, the demolition of certain shrines of antiquity has stirred the wrath and resentment of practically the entire Moslem world."

And, I added, it appeared to some who had not been to Arabia that if sectarian interference were resorted to by those who happened to be in power, then Islam stood in danger of annihilation. The new régime, indeed, as seen in distant perspective, has so many questions to answer that I welcomed, as I sat there, this great opportunity of not so much driving at an explanation from a mighty Sultan as informing myself so that I could make known to my people the truth or otherwise of the reports which have reached us from time to time.

If nothing else, Ibn Saud was a very patient hearer. I was watching every expression of his face, every move of his eyes, every muscle of his hands, trying to read from unconscious signs what were his thoughts. But he sat there like a statue.

"I welcome these remarks of yours," he began, slowly at first, though with great determination in his voice, "and if you can make known the real truth to those who have not had the good fortune to visit this sacred country of ours, with its holy cities and shrines, I shall consider it a great service to Islam. Anything which I have done or any deeds which my troops have committed have been in accordance with the dictates of the Holy Book. The actions of the Wahabis will stand any test and emerge vindicated.

"You are doubtless aware," he went on, "of what King Hussein, who was put on the throne of this fair land of Islam by the British, did, and what he failed to do. From beginning to end he was a slave to money and to foreign influences—influences not of Islamic tendencies, but of anti-Islamic tendencies.

"For the last seven years we Wahabis were not allowed to come to Mecca to perform our most sacred religious duties. Our kith and kin from Nejd were beaten publicly in the streets of this sacred city and were spat upon and cursed like dogs in the bazaars. We were not permitted to enter the sacred Haram. We bore all these insults with patience, only praying to God that the strength might be granted to us to win our liberty, religious liberty—the birthright of every Mussulman—and I thank God for his merciful consideration that he did at last place the custody of his holy city in our hands.

"And Hussein's son Ali followed in the footsteps of his father. There were many rich men at Jeddah. They defended him against us. But certain papers which came into the hands of our troops, both in Mecca and Jeddah, showed me and will show the world, that Ali had sold his religion and his soul, everything dear to man in this world, to the foreigners and to those who are the enemies of Islam. I have documentary proof of this in Ali's own handwriting.

"When we came here we found grave-worship being carried on all over Arabia. People went to the graves seeking cure for ailments, issueless women wanting children, and others desirous that the thing they were about to put in hand would be successful: The custodians in charge of the graves promised to give the desired health, offspring and success to all worshipers, provided they paid the fee demanded, which in the case of the well-to-do was often exorbitant. I ask you, as a Mussulman, whether that was according to the Holy Book?

"Then there was abundant proof that wine-drinking, the curse of humanity, was rampant publicly and privately in this sacred city of Mecca. People were picked up intoxicated within sight of the holy Black Stone. Immorality was rife and slavery existed. Men—respectable men—gave their daughters in marriage for a consideration of money and not for blood or ancestry. When our troops first entered Mecca they could not believe they were in the fair land of Islam because of the country's moral degeneracy. The men slaughtered were not Mussulmans. A Mussulman is a Mussulman if he acts according to the precepts of the Holy Book, and not because he happens to possess an Islamic name or because he is of Islamic parentage.

Offending Guides

"I know what has been done by means of propaganda concerning the alleged atrocities which I or my troops are supposed to have committed. But here I may explain that a large number of people in Mecca are Motawifs, or religious guides. These men earn their living by conducting pilgrims over the sacred shrines and by helping them to obtain food and necessary comforts during their stay in the holy city. Unfortunately, they are not all of the highest education or morality. They fleeced the poor, ignorant pilgrims from far-off countries, extorted exorbitant sums for stores and the little assistance they gave. They were among the chief offenders in the shrines where grave-worship was carried on. When I put a stop to the offenses, these were the men who were hurt most and it is they who are mainly responsible for the anti-Nejd propaganda.

"One of the first things I undertook was the suppression of brigandage. It was a common thing for poor and helpless men and women making the Haj to be pounced upon on their way to or from Mecca, stripped of their clothes and money and, if they protested, shamefully beaten or killed. The first duty of any ruler of Arabia is to assure to every pilgrim a safe journey to and from the holy shrines, but this was

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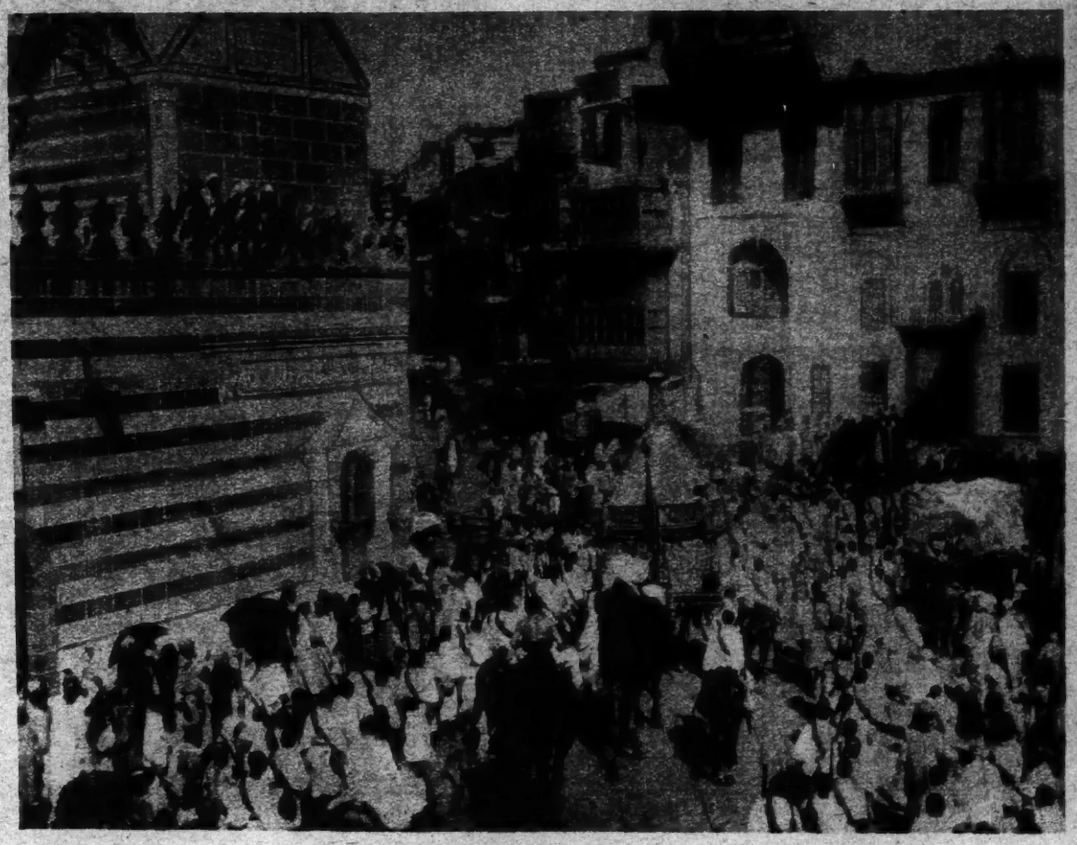
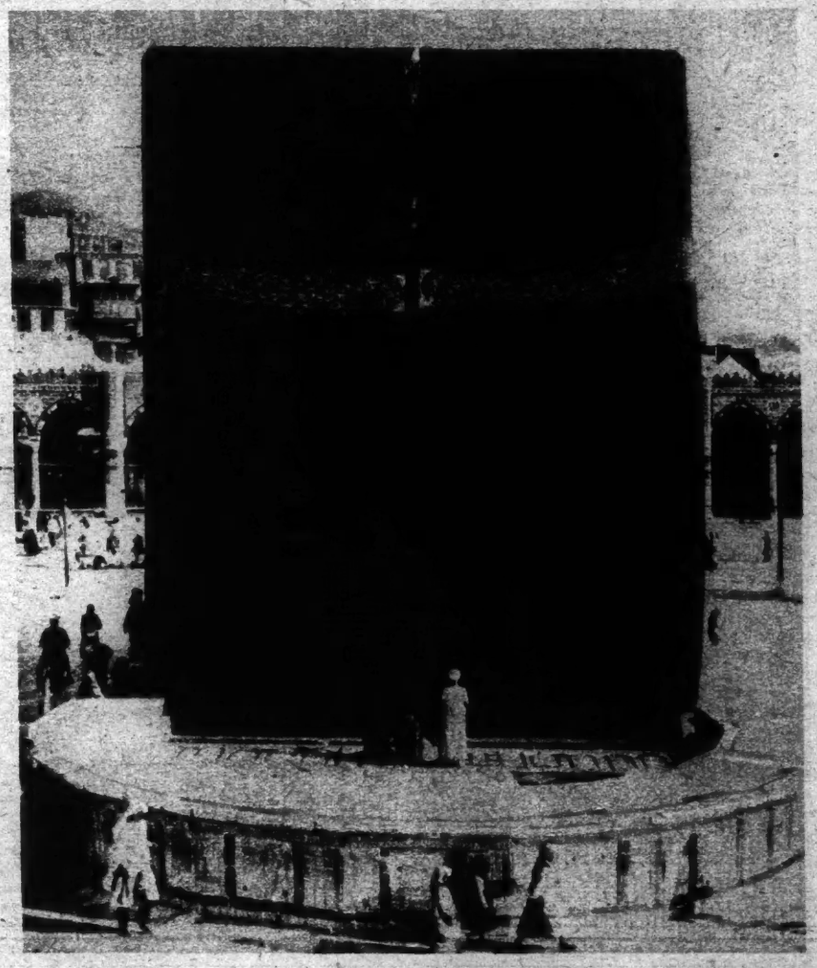


The Arrival of the Holy Carpet at Mecca.



The Kaaba, the Most Sacred Spot in the Eyes of Moslems, to Which They Turn When They Pray.

Photos From H. J. Shepstone, London.

HOUDINI WALKS WITH LITERARY SPIRITS

Magician Has Rummaged the World For Books, Letters and Mementos of Famous People

Chinese Magicians Ply Their Trade

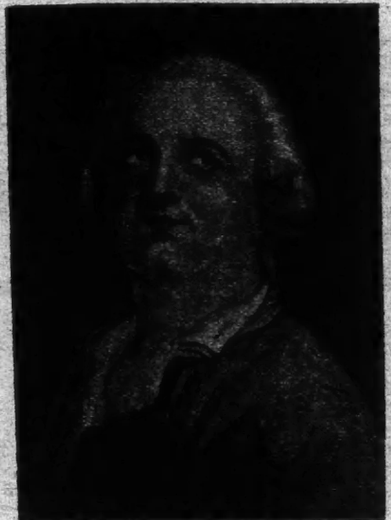
The Illustrations on This Page Are From the Houdini Collection.

By HELEN BULLITT LOWRY

WOULD you have magic? Would you have the centuries turned back? It can be done in a certain New York house that holds within its walls more secrets of magic than did ever Cave of Endor or Temple of Egypt or Delphic Oracle or the archives of medieval alchemist. And this is the house of Houdini, magician and exposer of spiritualists.

In this house Houdini practices another magic—the only branch of psychic phenomena that he countenances—the magic of communing with the spirits of the past that is reserved for those who "collect" the books and the engraved portraits and the manuscripts and the personal correspondence of the world's great dead.

Wherever his specialized interests have led him, he has plunged into the past in search of congenial spirits—back into the simpler centuries when science and magic and alchemy and philosophy were so closely related that they hardly knew themselves apart. When you realize that he collects letters of Robert Ingersoll, the negator of the hereafter, and of Cagliostro, most magnificent and impudent of eighteenth century spiritualists, you see how wide-flung — yet how intrinsically logical — is the Houdini collection.



"The Count of Cagliostro," Famous Eighteenth Century Magician Who Was Tried in the Queen's Necklace Case.

In the house of Houdini you may hold in your hand the famous letter written by Robert Ingersoll: "I have no evidence that man lives again * * * no human being knows whether there is another life"—his challenge against established belief and established religion. And the spirit of Ingersoll is invoked. You can see the great doubter pause. Even the amateur of chirography can see that the letter is written in one ink and signed with a darker ink.

Why did he pause? Did he realize how far-reaching would be the influence of those fated words on his generation? Did the old fathers of the Church who inscribed the Apostles' Creed also pause before they dared to commit the world to belief in the life everlasting? Did the old Hebrew poet hesitate for an hour in spiritual darkness over his parchment before he hurled his faith into an ancient tragic world, "In my flesh shall I see God"? The solemnity of man's eternal quest for knowledge of the beyond hovers in Houdini's house like incense. Solemnity—for the reason that the magician himself is a reverent believer in the Almighty.

Intrigues of the Necklace

The house holds lighter, more cynical dramas. Perhaps the most famous diamond necklace of history flashes in its fierce radiance from yellowed letters—the necklace whose glittering stones were so fatal to Marie Antoinette and her throne. This is the necklace of eighteenth century intrigues, in which adventuress dared smirch the name of royalty, and charlatan served as high priest and confessor to a Prince of the Church. A drama of facts so intricably woven of mystery and scandal and jewels and sins and political consequences that even Dumas' novel, "The Queen's Necklace," lost in glamour because he tried to decorate the romance of facts with the imagined events of fiction.

The most distinguished and valuable possession of the Houdini collection is the sheaf of original documents on this famous case, obtained from the French archives a generation ago by a "person of political influence," and sold years later to Houdini by an English dealer. There are original letters of the Countess de Lamotte-Valois, an original letter of Cagliostro, signed court reports of the case as it was tried. A letter from the Governor of the Bastile regarding Cagliostro's imprisonment is in the collection, one from the Chief of Police, letters from the advocates of all the prisoners.

Hold the letters in your hand, give your fancy wings, and suddenly the room, piled so high with great stacks of books that the windows almost are obscured, vanishes into unreality. It is the stage of the eighteenth-century court that the eye beholds—that exquisite stage of royalty that was "the last word of a thousand years—the fine flower of Europe's slow civility." It is the original cast of characters who again play their rôles.

She Sold Beauty Lotions

Jeanne Lamotte-Valois, so to speak, is present, her charming little person decked out, if you please, in the fashionable creations of the Queen's own modiste, because the unscrupulous minx had managed to spread the lie that she was a royal boudoir confidante, so that the merchants of the court competed to give her credit. A pretty, quick-witted adventuress she was, descended from an illegitimate branch of the Valois family—a woman who must live by her wits, and who wormed her way into the court boudoirs by selling the beauty lotions of Cagliostro, then the rage at court.

Or, try holding in your hand the one and only contemporary duplicate of the "bill" for the diamond necklace, which the jeweler kept in his files when he sent the original bill to Queen Marie Antoinette, because the Cardinal de Rohan was unable to meet the quarterly payments that had fallen due, thereby precipitating all the trouble, since the Queen hadn't heard of the fatal necklace in four years, after she had reluctantly turned her beautiful royal back on its glittering temptation. How the duped Cardinal struts in his fat and his pomp and his vanity and his gullibility out of the stained old document!

Little wonder that Jeanne Lamotte was able to size up his weaknesses when the stupendous idea came to her of stealing the necklace worth $500,000. Her plan was to convince the Cardinal that he was buying the necklace for the Queen. Did she not know that he was a disappointed man, for all his princely position, because he visualized himself as a Masarin or a Richelieu wielding political power, and that could never be because he had made an implacable enemy of the Queen's mother in Vienna?

The Cardinal would pay any price to regain Marie Antoinette's favor. And did the Lamotte not know that the Cardinal de Rohan was particularly gullible? He was a disciple and devotee of the mysterious Count Cagliostro, "Grand Cophta" of the Cult of Mysticism and Spiritualism and Perpetual Youth, which was the only religion taken seriously in disillusioned court circles.

Or hold in your hand the letter of Cagliostro himself, which he addressed to the French nation in his best Arabian Nights manner, declaiming his innocence. Cagliostro, adventurer and necromancer, who for all his sins was as likable and handsome a reprobate as Casanova—who, by the way, sometimes did business with Cagliostro. Cagliostro, who claimed to have lived a thousand years and who was to live another thousand in history because of his contact with "L'Affair du Collier" in which he, in truth, played only a minor rôle.

Mystery Is Unsolved

It was through Houdini's interest in Cagliostro that he became absorbed in the intrigues of the necklace. Now, look into the pretty, child-like eyes of Serephinia, wife of "Count" Cagliostro, as they stare languishingly out of the rare and valuable engraving that Houdini considers one of the choicest gems of his collection. Was she or was she not the "Olivia" who masqueraded as the Queen in the garden, who stood before the Cardinal for the one minute of the promised rendezvous, convinced him that she was proud Marie Antoinette, gave him a rose and promised him forgiveness, left him pulsating with joy and ready to buy the necklace? That mystery, like so much of the intrigue of the diamond necklace, where everybody was double-crossing everybody else, is still unsolved.

One of the Earliest Works of Magic. The Frontispiece of "Hocus Pocus" 1635.

The Countess of Cagliostro.

Perhaps, though, the most significant section of Houdini's Queen's Necklace Collection is the personal correspondence between various court persons of political importance. It is as if one overheard a whispered conversation that occurred one hundred and thirty-five years ago. One hears how the hatred against the King and the Queen grows day by day as the nine months of the trial of the Lamotte and the Cardinal and Cagliostro roll portentously on. One imagines the cries of the fishwives who believe, in spite of the evidence, that the Queen has purchased diamonds while their children want bread the fishwives who are to become presently the Furies of the Revolution.

Here you have the reputation of a

(Continued on Page 22)

WEST INDIES FEAR THE MAD HURRICANE

Season of Destructive Tropical Storms Begins — Their Habits Are Known but Not How They Originate

By WALTER B. HAYWARD

ANOTHER West Indian hurricane has put its mark upon a weather record that goes back to the fifteenth century, when Europe's roystering adventurers invaded the Caribbean Sea and made the acquaintance of this king of storms. The Carib Indian called it huracan. He knew it well. It was part of his life; often enough it sent him to another hunting ground. The Carib has almost disappeared, but the word huracan, somewhat modified, is his legacy to several languages; and the fear that the storm inspired in him remains in the heart of men.

An old West Indian adage, apropos of hurricanes, runs:

June, too soon,
July, stand by,
August, come it must,
September, remember,
October, all over.

These are the hurricane months, although the storm sometimes appears in November. Last year, oddly enough, there were no hurricanes, although three storms occurred that may find their way into the hurricane classification; this year the season opened with a storm that developed on July 22 off Martinique, swept past Porto Rico, crossed Santo Domingo, devastated Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, broke over the East Florida coast and ended its course inland near Memphis, after nine days of destruction. It traveled 2,000 miles at the rate of about 220 miles a day.

This particular tropical storm behaved in the normal manner, for the habits of hurricanes are fixed and well known to meteorologists. Science, however, has still to discover how the hurricane originates. Perhaps the best theory is that in some restricted area, just south of the limits of the northeast trade winds, a mass of air becomes warmer and more moist that that of the surrounding region. The buoyancy thus attained causes the central mass to rise, starting a vertical circulation. Eventually the rising air reaches a level of sufficient cold to change its water vapor to water droplets. The conversion thus effected produces "heat of condensation."

If the rising air mass is small a thunderstorm is formed, but if the development is of sufficient magnitude a hurricane may be in its inception. The heat liberated establishes relatively high temperatures in the rising mass accelerating the circulation and the rate of condensation. This recurring process is probably the modus operandi by which the hurricane maintains itself.

The storm revolves in the opposite direction to the hands of a clock and at the same time progresses along a course that is determined by anticyclones—the high pressure areas of the weather map.

The centre of the hurricane is a partial vacuum perhaps twenty miles wide. Rotating around this core is the storm area with a radius of 300 or 400 miles. Here are wind, rain, a violent, confused sea and perhaps thunder and lightning—all of the shrieking weather devils concentrated in one saturnalia of frenzy.

Fortunately, the hurricane gives due warning of its approach. A falling barometer accompanied by the plumed and feathery cirrus clouds and lurid sunsets convey their moaning to the islanders of the West Indies. Their first business is to moor their boats and ships in sheltered bays; then they retire to their houses and batten doors and windows. Already the little red ants that make such a nuisance of themselves in warm climates have hidden themselves, as wise little insects should do under the circumstances. Somewhere in their tiny bodies is concealed a barometer that is as serviceable as the man-made device.

The clouds bank up, grow dark and menacing; the rain begins and the wind pipes up. A few hours pass and the hurricane is raging. What is it like, this revolving, onrushing storm? One may quote William Strachey, who ran into a hurricane aboard the Sea Venture in July, 1609, and to whose narrative Shakespeare, his contemporary, may have turned when he wrote "The Tempest."

Elemental Discord

"Winds and seas were as mad as fury and rage could make them," wrote Strachey. "Our clamors were drowned in the winds and the winds in thunder. The sea swelled above the clouds and gave battle unto heaven. It could not be said to rain: the waters like whole rivers did flood the air."

A good description, although thunder does not always accompany a hurricane. It is the sustained thunder of the wind, combined with the thunder of the sea, that leaves a definite impression upon one who has witnessed a hurricane on a small island—that and the sense of helpless fear in the face of elemental discord. For the clamor is terrifying, and one feels that his little world is slowly being demolished.

After twelve hours or more the supreme moment of the hurricane comes. Without warning the wind ceases. A dead calm ensues, and puny man lives for five minutes, or maybe twenty-five, in a vacuum—the dead-centre of the storm. Then, as suddenly, the wind bursts anew from another quarter. It is the hurricane's last ugly gesture.

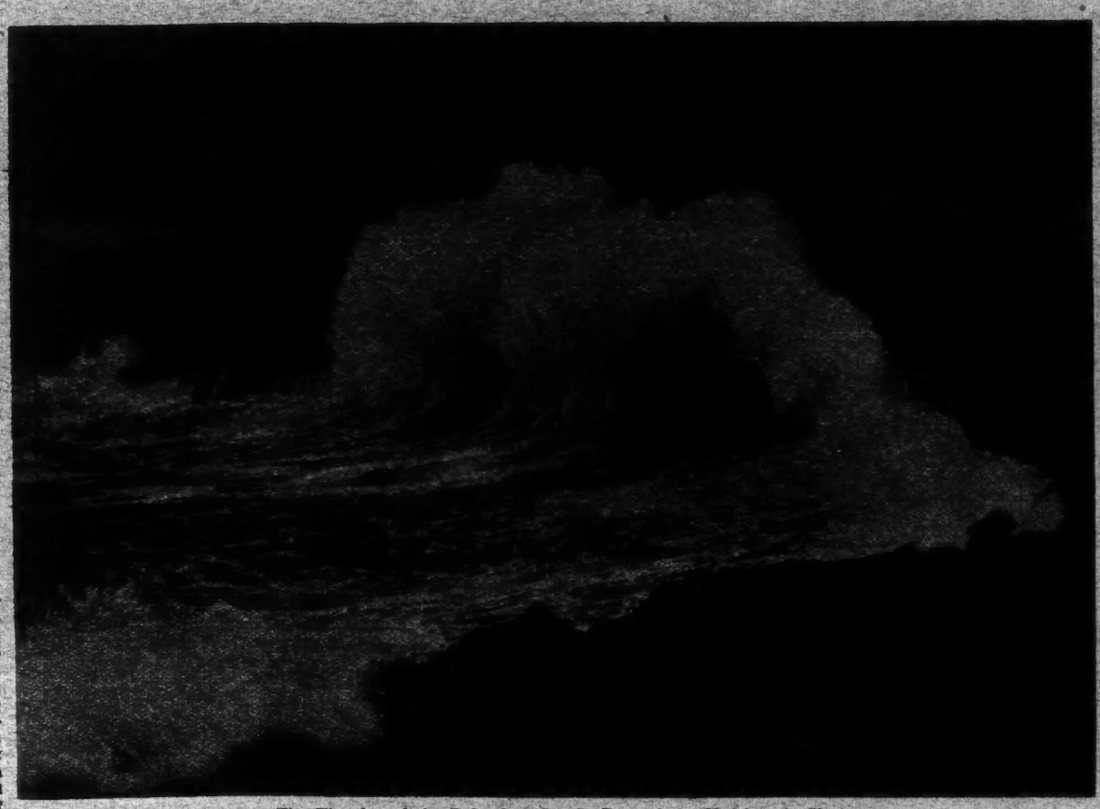
The wind moderates, the rain stops, the tide returns to normal, and all that is left of the hurricane is the rumble of the surf on the beaches. The islanders take down their battens and crawl out of their houses to view the wreckage. They know what they will find, for they have been through it before. Crops are flattened, every bit of foliage is blighted and blackened by salt spray, as if a fire had passed over the land; buildings are gone, boats are smashed. There is nothing to do but count the losses and begin over again.

Yet the hurricane has its compensations. It destroys the things that man contrives, but it casts out many things that nature deems worthless. It is nature's rude yet effective method of pruning. Presently gentle rains come to wash away the salt crust from the plants. Life that has been arrested revives quickly and there follows a glorious growth—the tender green of young shoots. And the wise little ants come out of their holes, the birds rebuild their nests, and tropical insects hum in the sunlight. Only man is sad; but he hopes for better luck in the next hurricane season.

Perhaps next year's series of storms will pass him by. At any rate, hurricanes do not concentrate their attention upon the same islands every year, since their early course is dependent to some extent upon their point of origin, which varies with each storm. As a rule hurricanes develop either over the western third of the Caribbean Sea or to the east of the eastern limits of this island-studded sea, or in the Gulf of Mexico.

Wherever they originate in the Caribbean, they are certain to move from the region of the Azores, westthe air currents prevailing in that quarter of the globe; and they flow in almost a straight line until they reach a point usually between 75 and 85 degrees of longitude, when they begin to go to the north.

Up to this point the course of the storm is predestined. Here, so to speak, the hurricane must make a critical decision—critical, at least, for shipping coming down the Atlantic Coast. It must recurve, as the weather men call the movement: that is, change its course. Normally it should make a right turn and travel from west to east—in other words, reverse its direction. But it does not always reverse, because it is subject to outside influences—perhaps thousands of miles away.



The Thunder of the Relentless Sea Is Part of the Hurricane's Clamor.

Photo by Ewing Galloway.

Along Least Resistance

Some hurricanes, like the recent storm, recurve westward, striking the Florida or Georgia coast; others are diverted up the coast between Cape Hatteras and Bermuda; still others pass northeastward to the vicinity of Bermuda or strike to the eastward of that island. The course, in every case, follows the path of least resistance. Why this happens is explained in a bulletin of the United States Weather Bureau, which says:

"The fact that the great majority of the West Indian hurricanes during the early part of the storm season recurve further to the west is due solely to the infrequency then of troughs of low pressure east of the Atlantic Coast States of the Southeastern United States. The so-called permanent area of high pressure that at this season normally extends from the region of the Azores, westsouthwestward, to the coast of the United States, seldom breaks down. This being true, it is clear that no storm will 'break through' and recurve until it reaches a region where south or southwest winds prevail aloft and relatively low pressure to the northward is shown on the weather map.

"However, as Autumn approaches, storm activity in extratropical regions increases and the breaking down of the Atlantic high pressure area occurs more often, so that the chance of a westward-moving tropical storm encountering one of these areas of diminishing pressure with south or southwest winds aloft is materially increased."

Once in the Atlantic, a hurricane will travel an immense distance before it is dissipated. Two years ago, in August, a hurricane came up on the coast, spilled a quantity of rain over New York, then moved along the coast of New England and crossed the steamship lanes off Nantucket, almost overwhelming the liner Arabic. On the weather charts are marked the courses of hurricanes that have reached Greenland and Iceland, even England and the coast of Holland. Occasionally, two or three are in progress at the same time, each following a distinct course. The record of a group of hurricanes shows that the average speed in about 260 miles a day on the first branch, or leg, and 392 miles on the second branch, after the recurve, the general average being about 300 miles, or a trifle more than 12 miles an hour. The rotating wind itself attains a velocity of from eighty to a hundred miles.

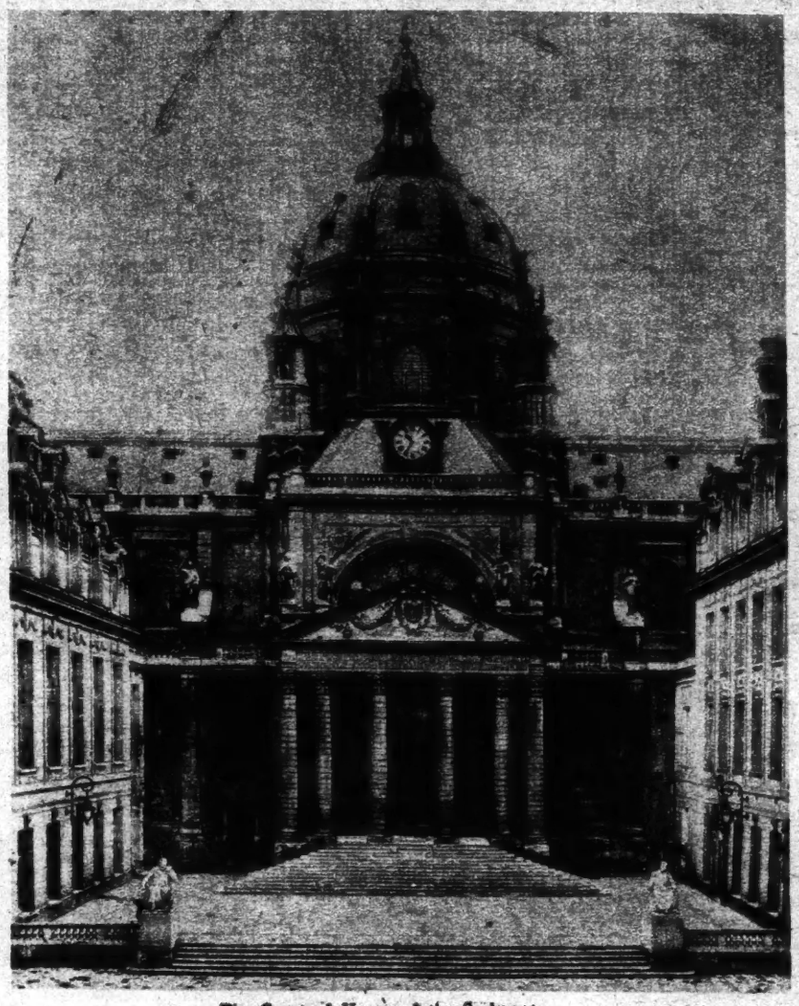
Having studied the habits of hurricanes and learned what courses they are likely to take under prevailing weather conditions, the Weather Bureau set out to find a way to circumvent them. It had indifferent success until radio expanded the system of gathering and broadcasting weather reports. Now, with numerous reports from shipmasters, in addition to those from land stations in the West Indies, the bureau is sufficiently informed to plot the course of a hurricane soon after it develops in the Caribbean.

Warnings are broadcast as the storm progresses, with the result that ships approaching its path change their courses and thus avoid the danger. Only two or three large vessels were caught by the recent hurricane, largely because they heeded the radio signals from Washington.

But the Weather Bureau is unable to warn the little trader who carries passengers and freight between the islands, as his ancestors have done for generations, without the benefit of radio. In his small sloop or schooner he must take the hurricane where he finds it; and however weatherwise he may be it frequently finds him far from shore. If the wind were his only enemy he might come through; but it is the relentless sea that smashes his boat and drowns her captain and crew.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ANCIENT SORBONNE

Students From America and All Countries of Europe Fill the Halls of This Famous University



The Court of Honor of the Sorbonne.

By JOHN FANBROOK

PARIS.

AS you come out of the Métro station Odéon and cut through the Rue Ecole de Médicine to the Rue des Ecoles, you see a massive building of gray stone. It is the Sorbonne, centre of learning in France, where hundreds of Americans, men and women from 16 to 60, are at work, in company with students from every country in Europe.

You may have expected to find moss-hung walls, spires and towers, even a moat or a dungeon. On the contrary the Sorbonne impresses you as being distinctly modern. This is due to the fact that between 1885 and 1900 it was almost entirely rebuilt.

At first you are aware only of huge columns and cornices, doorways and tall windows. Then, across the top of the façade, France unmistakably speaks out, with allegorical statues of chemistry, natural history, physics, mathematics, history, geography, philosophy and archaeology. Around the right corner are the sciences; round the left, letters. There you have properly French art on parade. It is eternal, irrepressible. Your eye takes in the whole front again, and you are conscious that you have achieved the academic frame of mind.

Breadth From the Alien

Some American authorities, notably Professor Copeland of Harvard, decry the value of an Oxford or a Cambridge year for the young American graduate, recommending instead a year at a French university. They say that one ought to undergo the broadening that an alien civilization imposes. This advice depends upon cases. An American student often needs less broadening than deepening. If he quite appreciates the meaning of the Anglo-Saxon race to the world—its traditions, its standards, the mettle of its pasture—he may well browse upon the Continent. If, on the other hand, through mixed associations he has grown lukewarm in understanding the nature of his forefathers, a year in Britain will infuse him with a sense of all that is noblest in the American character.

But there is no overwhelming reason why an American student abroad should not combine the two. The college year in Oxford, for example, is only twenty-four weeks, and, moreover, one is not required to be in residence necessarily through consecutive terms. You may enroll in the Sorbonne at any time, though it is more convenient to begin in November, in March, or in July when the vacation course gets under way. Any one attempting the study of Romance languages as his life work will, naturally gravitate to France, visiting England incidentally. Any American in England studying English or the classics will wish to know Paris, old and new. The doors of the Sorbonne are open wide, and foreigners are welcomed with enthusiasm.

As you walk down the marble corridor called the Salle des Pas Perdus, extending across the front of the Sorbonne, you see two statues, colossal seated figures of Parian white—Homer and Archimedes. Next you observe, on a bench, two girl students enjoying, between lectures, a confidential cigarette.

Civilization for 400 Francs

Upon inquiry at the Bureau of Information, down another corridor to the right—a corridor adorned with paintings of medieval French chateaux—you learn that the popular study for Americans is the course in French Civilization, in which, for 400 francs, you may enroll for a full four-month term, whether you hold a college degree or not. It is recommended merely that you have a fair understanding of spoken French.

Foreigners in hundreds flock to the Sorbonne with no more definite notion of what they want to do than a vague feeling that they would like to gain facility in the language. Americans, Scandinavians, English, Poles, Czechs, Swiss, Irish, Austrians, Rumanians, Canadians, Asiatics, South Americans—all are swept into this course to keep them quiet.

You go through the Galerie Richelieu to the Amphithéâtre Richelieu, the largest room used by the Faculty of Letters, and the scene of the morning lectures in the course on French Civilization. The room is semicircular, without windows, but with a great oval skylight. Up behind the last tier of seats is a statue of Richelieu. In 1629 he transformed the Sorbonne, which for four centuries had been a humble college of theology, into a great university.

Niches in the arcs to right and left of the Cardinal hold sculpture also, allegorical figures of Greece and Rome. Across the front, over the lecture platform, extends a huge painting by Dagnan-Bouveret: "Apollo and the Muses Assembled on the Heights of the Ideal Working with Love to Explain Their Dreams."

The lecturers in the Sorbonne are virile and dynamic speakers. They do not hurry, but neither do they pause, nor fumble about with notes. Up from the provincial universities they have fought their way to distinction, very seldom reaching a professorship in the Sorbonne before they are 50. Once there, they are accorded national recognition. They come in to the Amphithéâtre Richelieu at 8:30, 9:45 and 11 o'clock, allowing a quarter of an hour between lectures, thus giving all a chance to relax and eliminating confusion incident to changing halls.

Last Spring there were represented in this course sixteen nationalities. Of all these, as Caesar might say, the Americans were the noisiest. But they are also the best dressed and the most industrious in taking down notes. On the other hand, the secretary in the registry office told me that no American has ever stood first in the course for foreigners on the examination for the diploma, though several times they have won the third or fourth highest grade.

Boulevard Studies

"In the provincial universities I think they would study more," he said, "but in Paris they like the theatres and the boulevards."

Wives, widows, college girls, school girls, mothers shepherding daughters—the women vastly outnumber the men, who are either new A. B.'s taking a year abroad before getting to work or undergraduates from American universities. Among the women a notable delegation is the Smith College group, spending the junior year at the Sorbonne instead of at Northampton. This scheme is now a regular alternative offered at Smith for those girls who can qualify in French and who prefer a year of foreign study.

If you drop into the Amphithéâtre Richelieu at 11 o'clock you may hear Professor Gustave Reynier, perhaps

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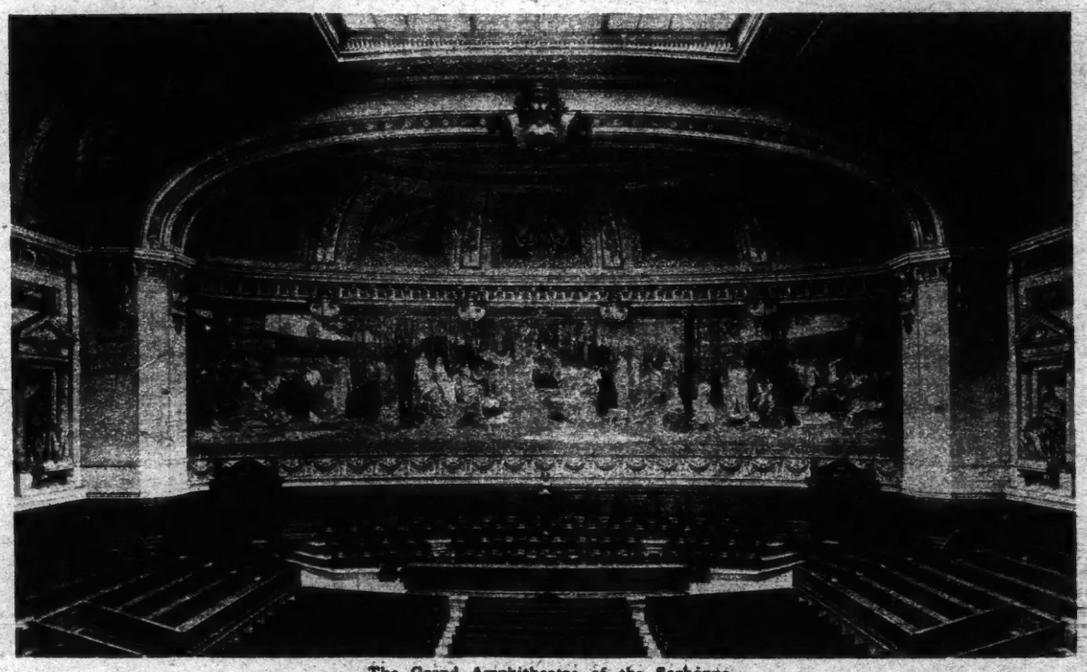

The Grand Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne.

Illustrations by Courtesy of the Avery Architectural Library, Columbia Library.

DESIGNERS OF LAMPS SEEK BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY

Old Patterns Have Been Utilized With Much Ingenuity—Silhouette Portraiture Has Modern Devotees

FEW household furnishings show so much diversity of design as table and stand lamps.

Motifs are derived from every age and many countries. The use of vases, pottery bowls and statuettes of jade for bases—foreign to lamp forms of the past—augments the variety. In the tall floor lamps the slender metal standard is made in the austere patterns of early Colonial times as well as in the rich ornate wrought iron, brass and copper styles of the sumptuous days of the Italian Renaissance.

A realization of the importance of light in a room as a decorative aid has been growing for some time, and today in large rooms a dozen lights, including wall lights, table lamps and stand lamps, are not considered too many. This demand for many lights stimulated lamp makers to increase and improve designs for portable electric lamps.

Metals utilized are cosmopolitan in variety; they include bowls of Dutch pewter, Russian brass, French tole (painted and enameled tin) and Chinese bronze of ancient design. Modern designs in brass or wrought iron show the influence of Spanish and Italian metal art.

Medieval Inheritance.

Some of the wrought iron bridge lamps of today are direct descendants of the simple standing rod carrying a bar for holding candles that supplied the first light, not only in Colonial but in medieval days. Long before whale oil was used here in lamps the village blacksmith hammered out these slender and often beautiful stands. This type of stand light was a rod of iron supported by three curving legs welded to its base. The bar holding two candles was adjustable as to height. Today wrought iron examples of this simple and primitive type have electric candles instead of tallow ones, but otherwise they are duplicates.

Other forms of early stand lamps spring from the ecclesiastical torchère of Europe and carry more decoration than the early American ones. Instead of the uncompromising straightness of the candle bar they have curving branches for the candle lights and more art is applied to the wrought iron in the standard and to the curves of the three supporting legs.

For Jacobean rooms, or living rooms with the simple furniture of pine or maple or oak of the early days of America, these lampstands of black or in the silver color of polished iron are decorative adjuncts. With shades of parchment, which are neutral in tone, they are appropriate for country homes with informal interiors.

It is natural that designers of metal lamps should be inspired by the wonderful work in metal of the Italians and Spaniards. There was much of it in Louisiana, Florida and California. For use in Spanish-American interiors, as well as in those reflecting Italian decorative influences, one has a choice of patterns ranging from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth.

Torchères wrought in iron by men like Brandt and Yellin may be purchased by those who demand individual pieces. Bridge lamps in less elaborate patterns but suggestive of the best in the past may be found in smart shops. The recent interest in the Norse voyager to America is suggested by one stand lamp which incorporates in its pattern the silhouette of a viking ship. Another in hammered wrought iron makes similar use of a clipper ship figurehead of Columbia and her guardian eagle.

As there are numerous shades available for lamps, care must be taken not only to harmonize the shade with the lamp itself but also to fit the lamp and shade into the general decorative scheme of the room. Lamp stands of decorated vases or colored pottery that carry definite hues should have their colors repeated in the shade. The relation of the lamp base and its shade to the room should be guided by similar considerations. The dominating colors of the hangings or rugs or upholstery in the room, when repeated in the lamp, allow it to take its proper place in the ensemble.

Not only the daylight effect of the lamp must be considered, but its appearance should be studied when lighted and under artificial light. Often a lamp with a warm glow of color will offset the use of cold colors such as blues, purples and lavenders in room decoration.

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NOT only has the silhouette of Colonial days been salvaged from attics and antique shops, but the making of it has been revived by artists with scissors and black paper and one may be pictured in this old-fashioned form with startling verisimilitude. As a decoration for a room of old-time or even modern furnishings, silhouettes often give just the needed touch of smartness or quaintness.

This forerunner of the daguerreotype and photograph adorned the walls of many homes during the early days of the Republic. It was called a "shade" until the name "silhouette" from its French inventor began to spread.

The silhouette was generally cut by the artist from black paper directly from the subject without any preliminary drawing.

Some old examples that have come down to us show wonderful characterization, and from contemporary records we know that they were often telling likenesses. Indeed, the artists of the silhouette asserted that art was born and lived his early life in France but it was in England that he developed his entirely self-taught art, which, by the time of his visit to America in 1839, had made him famous in both England and France.

For ten years this precise but charming Frenchman worked in the principal cities of this country. Many Americans of the time commissioned him to make their portraits. Mme. Jumel, whose dignified figure in silhouette may be seen at the Jumel Mansion, August Belmont, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and others had him cut their likenesses in silhouette.

Almost all of Edouart's silhouettes show the full length figure. He felt that the body as well as the head showed the character of a person. In many cases the cut-out paper figure was placed against a penciled background suggestive of the interests or home life of the subject. But Edouart looked with scorn on those makers of silhouettes who added color or bronze to the "shades." However, one often finds portraits with color applied to the dresses, hair or jewels.

Quaint Portrait Busts.

Not all silhouette artists in America signed their work, but Edouart invariably did. Most of the American silhouette makers cut only portrait busts. Many of these are quaint, beautiful and full of character. Charles Wilson Peale, the Philadelphia painter, Samuel Powell, Williams, Bache and King were a few of the silhouette artists whose work now decorates the walls of twentieth century American homes. Another early artist was a woman, Patience Wright, who did most of her work in London.

Silhouettes are made today in the simple manner of most of the American examples and also strike for the complicated backgrounds and perspective developed in Europe. One may have delightful full length portraits done or entire family groups including pet dogs and cats cut from black paper. Frames of the olden style are obtainable, and within them these latest silhouettes find their place on walls with much the same decorative charm as did their early counterparts.

Although especially appropriate for interiors containing early American furniture, the silhouette strikes an interesting note in almost any deco-

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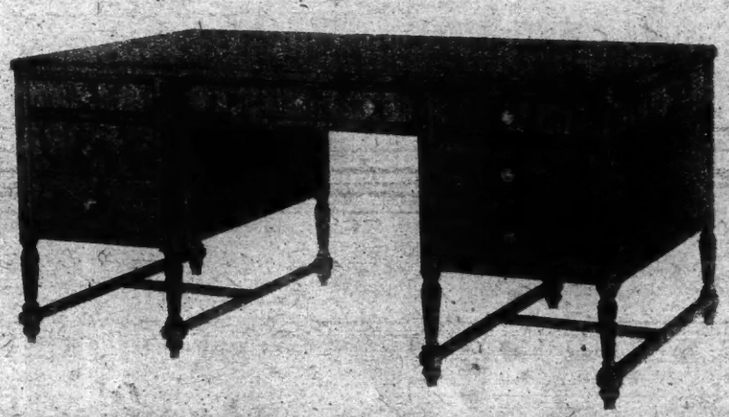
A Table Lamp With Metal Base Reflects the Present Vogue for Wrought Metal Furnishings.

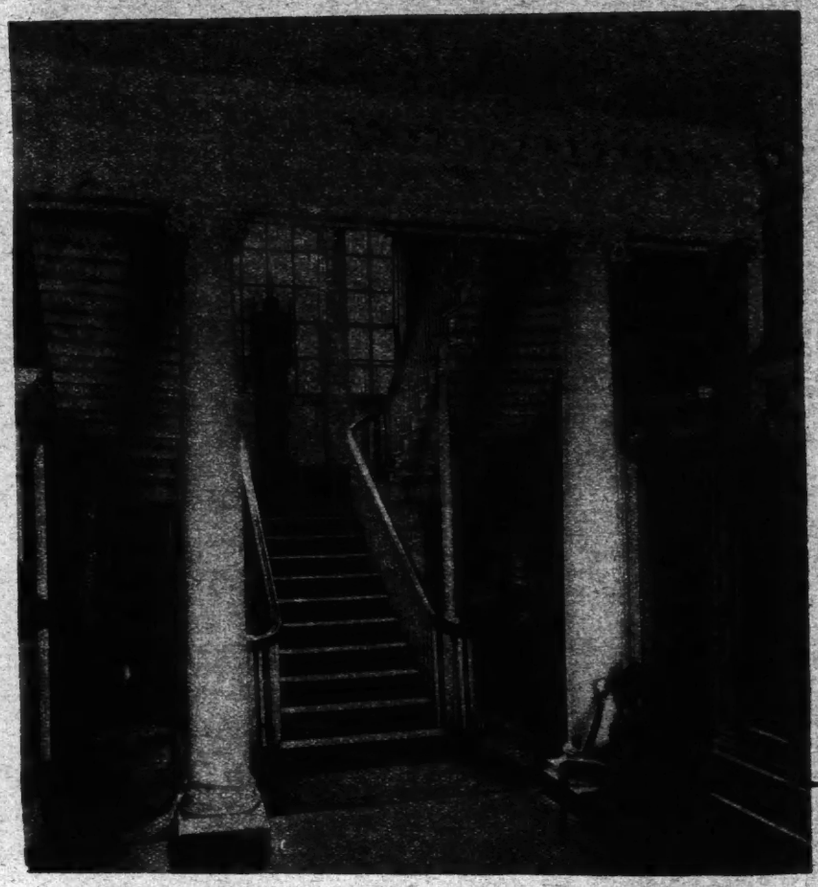
Silhouettes Add a Touch of Distinction and Human Interest to Rooms.



Colonial Lines Now Enter Into Office Desks. A Walnut Desk With Antique Brass Knobs.

OLD ANNAPOLIS IS OUR GEORGIAN JEWEL

Historic City on the Severn Has Many Beautiful Examples of This Red Brick Type of Dwelling, Which Has Lost None of Its British Dignity and Charm in the American Atmosphere



Hall and Stairway in the Chase House, Showing a Little of the Fine Ovaled Palladian Window on the Landing.

By H. I. BROCK

ANNAPOLIS is unique among American cities as a settlement of Puritans in a Catholic colony which found itself about the time of the Revolution the aristocratic centre of the social life of the Chesapeake Bay country—including Virginia and Maryland—and came to be described by European travelers just after the war as the Bath of America. As a centre of wealth and fashion in an age of space and dignity addicted to the grand manner, the little city on the Severn was provided with an architectural dress to match.

The Marylanders who enjoyed the especial patronage of the Barons of Baltimore, Lords Proprietary of the province, were often exceedingly rich. They tended to large ideas. So it came about that the scale on which they built their town houses surpassed that of the prosperous merchants of New York and Philadelphia.

History's Omissions.

As to the architects of these fine town houses in my Lord Baltimore's plantation—so largely devoted to the raising of tobacco—history says little and tradition supplies nothing that can adequately repair history's omissions. But it was the age when educated gentlemen were often their own architects—when the great books of Palladio and Wren might be found on the tables of rich provincials who had been educated in England. And the architecture is of the solid red brick Georgian type, with nothing withdrawn of its dignity and proportion in adapating it to American use.

Indeed, the best of the houses in Annapolis seem to this writer the very best examples of American Georgian that are to be found anywhere in any group of our dwelling houses, though there are isolated examples as fine—say, Westover, on the James, in Virginia. Whoever the architects were, whether gentlemen connoisseurs or professionals from the old country whose plans were imported, they knew their business. And the builders who executed the architects' plans knew their business. The result is that the student of the older American manner of building—the manner inherited direct from England—can find no better collection of material for his purpose than exists in the little town which most people think of principally as the place from which the midshipmen's football squad comes to the annual Army and Navy game. The houses of Annapolis are equally well worth study, whether the purpose is to copy the good old stuff or to find basic material for the development of something new out of the old. Which is the reason for this article. It can be written, simply because Annapolis has been so little changed in a hundred and fifty years that a sufficient number of houses remain concrete evidence of the gracious setting for every-day life to which this little provincial capital aspired—and in an amazing degree achieved.

If the town was once the capital of fashion in America, if for a while it was even the capital of the whole country (ousting Philadelphia from the place of honor), it very soon retired to the sufficient but quiet dignity of remaining the capital of the State of Maryland. The tide of change flowed past it, the hasty makeshifts of expansion spared to rebuild it. If it hardly grew at all, it was preserved almost intact up to the middle of the nineteenth century. In 1845 the historian George Bancroft, who was Secretary of the Navy under President Polk, established the Naval Academy on the adjacent military reservation of Fort Severn. Then the name of Annapolis recovered national significance. Then the life of Annapolis—which had gone a bit drab—regained some of the color of the days when French officers of the forces of Count Rochambeau crowded its coffee house and fluttered the hearts of its belles. Perhaps Academy hops are not quite the same thing as the grand ball or rout where you met the Marquis of Lafayette and possibly even danced with General Washington. But uniforms are still uniforms.

Washington's Visits.

Indeed, Annapolis was a favorite resort of General Washington long before the great and solemn occasion when in the old Senate chamber of the State House—which hadn't then its surmounting lovely slender lantern or dome—he resigned to the Continental Congress there assembled his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies which had just won our independence. As Colonel Washington, very busy with lands and Indian wars, he had nevertheless been a frequent visitor at the Maryland capital, when the races were on and when it was the season at the Annapolis theatre.

Washington's meticulous diaries show that he dined in many of the old houses that still stand in the streets that still hold their English names—as Duke of Gloucester Street, King George Street, Prince George Street, not to omit Cornhill and Fleet. You may even learn exactly how much he lost on the races. That, by the way, was considerably less than was dropped by his scapegrace young stepson, John Parke Custis, who was temporarily residing in Annapolis with his tutor, the rector of St. Anne's, and giving the serious husband of his mother, obvious anxiety. Washington came over from Mount Vernon by ferry and horseback.

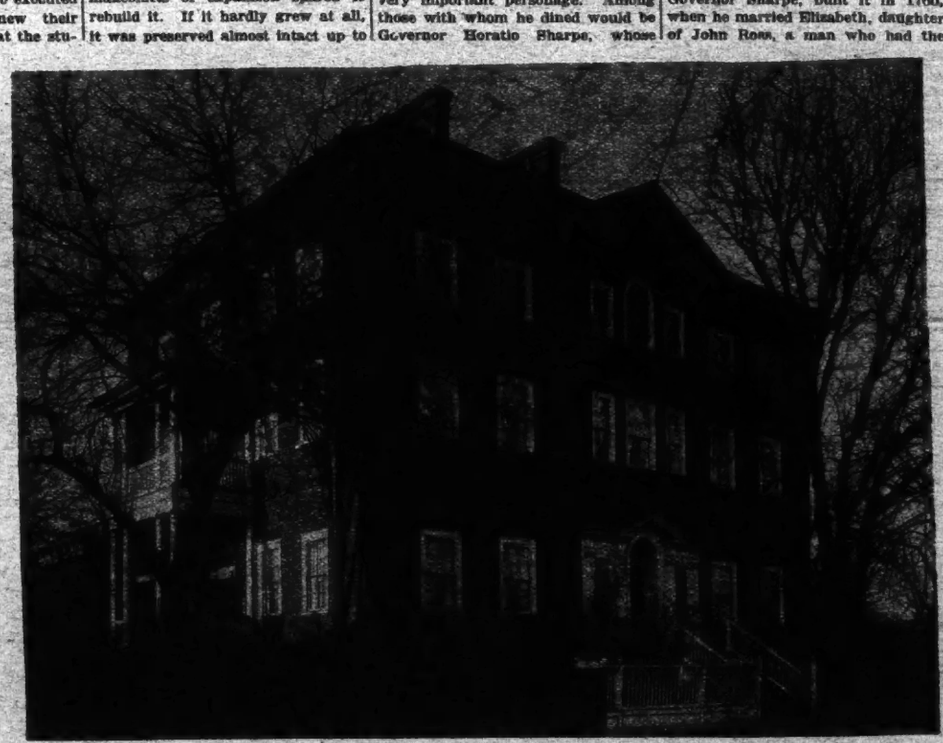
Colonel Washington was already a very important personage. Among those with whom he dined would be Governor Horatio Sharpe, whose sword is still preserved in a mansion built by a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Sir Robert Eden, who was the last of Lord Baltimore's Governors before the province became a sovereign State.

At least six of the fine gentlemen of Annapolis at this time sported a coach-and-four, and it is said that the races at Upper Marlborough not uncommonly assembled as many as fifty coaches with four or six horses each. Spacious days! Good wine was lavishly provided and the punch flowed so freely that certain Commissioners from Virginia were on one official occasion so overcome that two of them fell into Spa Creek, to which the gardens of several of the hospitable houses descended in agreeable terraces of flowers and greensward, with hedges and shrubbery and fountains. So the Marylanders tell it.

At all events, just such a garden descended to the bay from the house of the reputed richest man in all America in that day—Charles Carroll of Carrollton, educated at Paris, Rheims and St. Omer, legally imbued in the Temple of London, and not least conspicuous signer of the Declaration. Carrollton House still stands, a severely plain Georgian pile, with the great chimneys so characteristic of Annapolis, with dormer windows, and the terraces still descending greenly to the water. It is shut off from Duke of Gloucester Street by the Church of St. Mary and the buildings of the monastery of which Carrollton House is now a part.

Devotional Walks.

If you get inside you will see the good fathers pacing about the grounds at their devotions in the very paths where, perhaps, the excellent Squire—who was himself a good Catholic—used to walk. And from the garden behind the church you may see another of the old houses, where the Sisters of Notre Dame now have their nunnery. It is a fine square house of gray brick, with its garden, which likewise descends toward the water. Dr. Upton Scott, coming over as physician to Governor Sharpe, built it in 1760, when he married Elizabeth, daughter of John Ross, a man who had the



Chase House, Built in 1769 by Samuel Chase, Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

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happiness to be Register of the Land Office of Maryland. That was a very lucrative employment. This Elisabeth Scott was grandaunt to Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and Key, who frequented the house, was married in an even more imposing Annapolis mansion, that of Samuel Chase, later to be described.

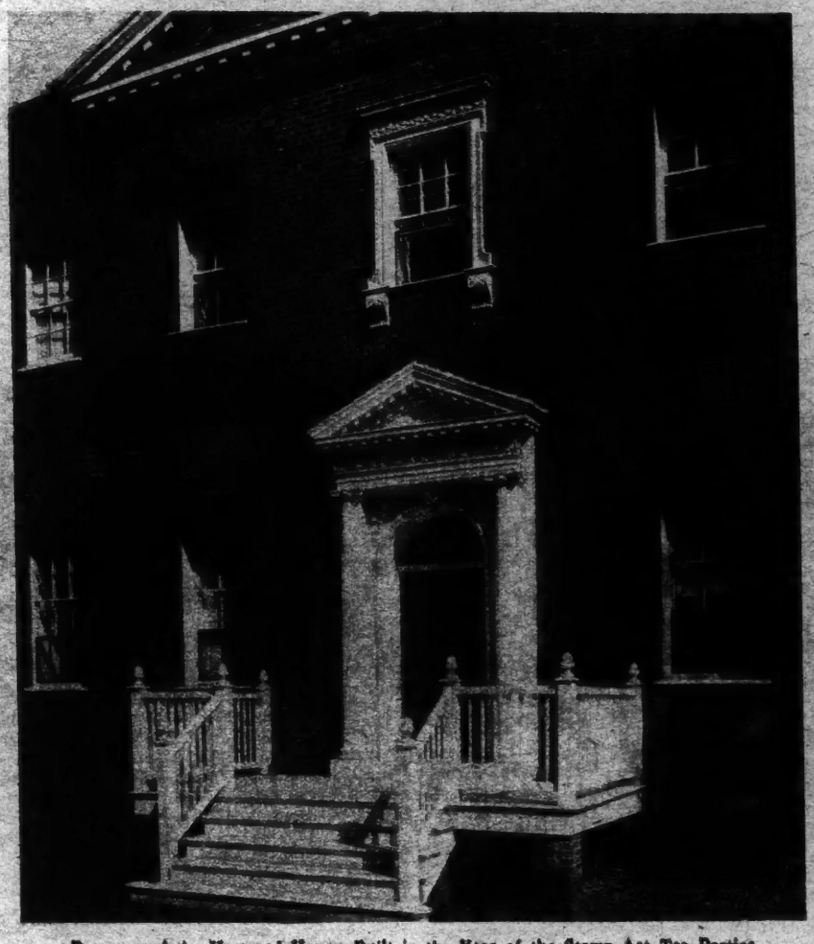
It was another official of the Maryland Land Office—one Thomas Jennings, clerk—who built another of the finest of the houses in the eighteenth century town. This house still stands at the corner of Prince George and East Streets very much as it was when it was built for Jennings's daughter, Julianna, when she was married to Colonel James Brice in 1745.

The Brice House, Built in 1745.

The Brice House

Coming out of the gate of the Naval Academy grounds upon King George Street, you may see the gable end and towering chimneys looming over a wall and closing the vista of a crooked little court. Taking a sharp turn out of that court, past a funny wooden firehouse where lurks an engine called Water Witch, you come around to the East Street façade of the mansion. What confronts you is a big square of brick, in the centre rising two stories above the basement, with a steep roof and huge twin chimneys at either end. Joined on to each end is a T-shaped wing, one story and a dormer high, the gable of the T facing the street. Thus the shallow front yard, set behind a wall upon a terrace, is a court enclosed on three sides. All is of red brick. The plain front door of the main building is approached by a mere wooden platform, and all the windows are plain and square, except a very ornate triple window above the big plain door. This and the carved cornice are the outstanding exterior ornaments.

But inside the woodwork of the drawing room is elaborately carved, and there is a spacious square hall with a fine simple stairway. Looking out through wide windows toward the garden that used to run down to water somewhere, is a great dining room with more carving. On the other side of the hall from the drawing room is the library, and in a closet in the library is—or was—a secret stair which used to communicate with the room above, and enable an owner who suffered cruelly from insomnia to seek solace in his books without disturbing the rest of the household. There is a story that this owner died—or was murdered—in this library, and I was told by a man who had lived in the house that his ghost still walked there.



Doorway of the Harwood House, Built in the Year of the Stamp Act Tea Parties.

From that room a short stairway descends to the level of the wing on that side, which has its own entrance and has now been turned into a couple of apartments. The room reputed to be haunted is very finely proportioned, with an admirable chimneypiece and interesting carved woodwork. There, even in this decade after the war that was to end war, I who write this was privileged to drink tea served upon silver that might have belonged to Julianna Brice herself. The old mahogany doors with their L-strap hinges were not the only pieces of old mahogany that shone in the light that came through the tree-shaded windows, and the lady who served the tea wore a high Spanish comb that subtracted nothing of dignity from the gracious scene.

The ghost was mentioned but did not personally intrude. As became some time cosmopolitan Annapolis—accustomed to have its young men educated abroad and to entertain French marquises—the conversation drifted away to lovely old places in Europe. It lingered on St. Germain-en-Laye the view toward Paris that (if the weather were just right) could pick out Sacré Coeur, the forest behind the long wall, the tree all stuck with votive offerings that is labeled Notre Dame des Hirondelles—Our Lady of the Swallows—and the mundane delights of luncheon at the Pavilion Henri Quatre, where (somebody said) Louis XIV was born.

This conversation merely confirmed the eighteenth century impression of the house and the town. There is a square in Annapolis down by the water, where Church Street—which is Main Street—comes down from the Circle about St. Anne's and Cornhill comes down from the Circle about the State House. That square, with its market and the old houses around it and the basin with the fishing boats, is so like a square in a French town that it is easy to believe that, after all, in those days before steam the Atlantic Ocean was narrower than it is now and the two coasts closer kin. It was so essentially. Because all the pull then was to the East. The West was still only a wall of wilderness, in spite of General Braddock and Colonel Washington and the distant alarms of Indian wars.

An Old World Savor

Church Street, also, as you come down the hill, is like an old street outside of America—even though most of the older houses there are gone. There is a something in the street itself. But down about the square old brick houses remain which are characteristically Annapolitan. They have the bands of rosier brick that run around between the stories which are almost universal in the old brick houses of the town. Sometimes the rosier brick—just faintly rosier than the brick of the walls—not only makes bands between the stories, but forms frames about the windows and quoins at the angles of the building. Whether it was a special brick or whether the builder or architect had all the lighter bricks in each burning laid aside for this decorative use may be a question. After more than a hundred years it constitutes a decoration that is almost invisible unless you look for it. The charm of it is all the more on that account, perhaps.

Take the most imposing of all the surviving Annapolis houses, the Chase House at the corner of King George Street—the street that runs along the Naval Academy wall—and Maryland Avenue. This house was built in 1769 by Samuel Chase, who, like Charles Carroll, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. However, though this is the most pretentiously aristocratic house in Annapolis, Chase had no such hereditary standing as Carroll. In fact, he was a self-made man. His calling was the law, he prospered and he was a patriot. His enemies called him a "restless incendiary, a ringleader of mobs, a foul-mouthed son of discord and faction, a promoter of the lawless excesses of the multitude."

Yet Washington made him a Judge, and he was so little of a practical Bolshevist that he built a great, dignified four-square house, three full stories high, besides the basement, which contained a wine cellar with a barrel vault of brick running the full depth of the house. The four-square structure is surmounted by a steep roof and great lofty chimneys like walls, so that the effect is almost that of a central tower.

A Governor's House

Perhaps Chase's ambition overreached itself—most likely he never lived in the house. At all events, he sold it in 1771 for £504 to Edward Lloyd, the fourth of that name and a descendant of one of the earliest settlers of Annapolis when the Puritan refugees from Virginia first found a home in Lord Baltimore's liberal Catholic domain. The original Lloyd was one of those who founded the town which they called Providence, at the mouth of the Severn.

Providence was the beginning of Annapolis. It arrived at that name (in honor of her who was to reign as Queen Anne) in 1695, after passing for a while as Proctor's Landing and then assuming the dignity of Anne Arundel Town, in honor of another Lady Anne, who was wife to the reigning Lord Baltimore.

Probably this Edward Lloyd 4th, who was an aristocrat and a member of the Continental Congress to boot, was responsible for the very ornate interior decorations of the big house which he took over from Chase. It passed to his son, also Edward Lloyd, who became Governor of Maryland early in the 1800s. In the meantime its walls had seen much entertaining of those admired French officers as well as of less considered Continentals.

The severe exterior is poor preparation for what you find inside. A lofty square entrance hall supported by Ionic columns has at the back a noble stairway rising straight to a landing half way up, where, under a triple-arched window with Ionic pilasters, it divides into two flights so as to reach the second story. These two curved half flights are extraor-

(Continued on Page 23)

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MODERN LAMPS HAVE BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 15)

rative arrangement except a highly formal one. Framed in the traditional black, or in a gold frame with a black mat or black painted glass surrounding the picture, these "shades" of yesterday or today supply a note of human interest to the decoration of a room.

***

FURNITURE and decorations in period style for the private offices of business and professional men are no longer the exception. Appreciation of good furniture in the home has overflowed into the office. Decorators are now called upon to equip a private office from the desk in Sheraton, Empire or other style to window draperies and rugs for the floor.

Rooms reflecting the personality of the owner are developed by the decorator with as much care as if he were arranging milady's boudoir. A lawyer recently wanted his office to have something of the air of the great age of English jurists that Blackstone exemplified—an age of which he was extremely fond. So an effect of an English barrister's office of the 1760's was obtained with mahogany desks and chairs and bookcases in the Adam style. An almost austere air was given to the room by heavy, dignified drapes at the windows, and a picturesque note was supplied by an ancient map on the wall and a desk set of Georgian silver.

A successful business woman, in remodeling her office, wished to convey something of her personality in the furnishings. Colonial furniture with the light touch of Heppelwhite seemed to fit in here. The window hangings were made of printed linen in bright colors, and the chairs, instead of having the conventional leather, were covered with attractive brocade. In place of the usual side table a console table and mirror were used, with a fine candelabra in dull silver to complete the ensemble.

Harmony Demanded

Entire suites may be obtained in period designs in order that the desks, chairs, bookcases, side table, davenport and other appurtenances of an up-to-date office may harmonize in their general effect of leather and wood. Special designs are sometimes demanded as well as special color schemes of the leather upholstery, which may be had in fine tones of browns, greens and blues. This greater interest in office furniture has developed desks and chairs that are as well made as many a cherished piece that now adorns a living room or library.

For the well furnished office there are many accessories, such as a humidor, a telephone table, a wardrobe and a clothes tree. Rugs and pictures are important, and their quality and design show as well as anything in the room the character of the occupant. Desk appointments are now given much thought and marble and bronze desk sets are selected to harmonize with the rest of the room.

Wall treatment is important in the decoration of the business office. A business man often has a longer lease on his office than he has on his home apartment. So he can often give more thought to such permanent features of its decoration than he can even in his home. Wood paneled walls seem to be appropriate to some offices and their use is increasing. Paneling with tapestry is also much in vogue where a particularly rich effect is desired, and rough-plaster walls are used where a less formal air is wanted.

The American business man is learning the value of the effect that a pleasant and charmingly decorated private office has on his visitors. And there seems to be no good reason why his business office should not be as pleasant a place for him to be in as his favorite room in his own home.

THE CATHEDRAL AND MARKET PLACE AT ZACATECAS

OLD CHURCHES, RICH IN ART, DOT MEXICO

(Continued from Page 7)

of the Spring, retains that atmosphere of mysticism that once pervaded the place. Here, as in Lourdes, people come seeking relief from pain and despair. Pilgrims take away with them bottles full of sacred water.

The Chapel of the Hill was built where Juan Diego once lived. The cabin of the famous Indian, whose statue in marble adorns the interior of the cathedral, has been preserved as it was when he left it to enter holy orders.

On Dec. 12 enormous crowds flock to church. From early morning the roads to the town of Guadalupe Hidalgo are filled with priligrims. The Indian afoot, the ladino on his mule or horse, the rich in coach or automobile, tourists in trolley cars and railway coaches—hundreds of thousands of people from all parts of Spanish America arrive. Guadalupe becomes the centre of great activity. Thousands of small shops open in huts made of palms.

Everything imaginable is offered to the pilgrims, from marvelous little sculptures made by the Indians, to the latest products of civilization. Native restaurants offer their best: turkeys stuffed, fried, chopped, with sauces, with chile, with wine; drinks of every kind, imported and native—and, of course, the famous pulque is not missing.

The town is an orgy of colors. Shawls of vivid red, blue, green, yellow, mix with the white vestments of the Indians. Charros in their picturesque costume, rebozos, mantos—all the colorful garments of the Spanish-American people—blend into a huge rainbow. Presents are brought to the Virgin—jewels, medals, crosses, gold, silver, silk and other tokens of veneration. At night the return to the city, in gay caravans, gives an impression of everlasting faith in the Miraculous Lady of Guadalupe.

The Cathedral of Puebla ranks second only to that of Mexico in grandeur. The effect of its great marble pavement is admirable. The high altar is of Puebla onyx and Mexican marble. The gem of this famous cathedral is its superb choir and screen, wrought by Mateo de la Crux in 1697. The inlaid work is ivory.

The shrine is venerated because it is believed to contain a thorn from the crown of the Saviour. The paintings in the sacristy are by Echave el Moso and there are three large pictures by Magon. Flemish tapestries, designed by Rubens and presented to the cathedral by the Emperor Charles V, hang on the walls of the Sala Capitular.

Besides its cathedral, Puebla has other beautiful churches—that of San Francisco, whose façade is decorated with glazed tiles set in red brick; the Church of Guadalupe, the Church of el Carmen, of Santa Catarina, of San José, of San Cristobal, of la Soledad. Then there is the old Church of Santo Angel de Analco, said to have been built in 1532. The wealth and splendor of the churches testify Puebla's one-time importance as a religious centre.

The Cathedral of Queretaro is another of the great churches of Mexico, with its fine polychrome statue of Santiago, carved in wood—a masterpiece by Arce, the Queretaro sculptor. The church and convent of San Agustin and the Church of Santo Domingo and San Felipe Neri are also notable for their architectural beauty and for their art treasures. In the old monastary Church of La Crux, the Emperor Maximilian had his headquarters during the siege of Queretaro, which resulted in his capture and tragic death.

Guanajuato's Treasures

Guanajuato is one of the most picturesque places in Mexico. This large city, with its narrow and tortuous streets, is set in the midst of a great mining district. Prosperity is reflected in the many churches. The Parroquial Church of Guanajuato, formerly the Church of San Francisco, receives light through leaded windows that occupy the bay in the rear of the high altar. There is a large painting by Valiejo in the sacristy. The famous image of Nuestra Señora de Guanajuato, a gift from Philip II to the city, is enshrined in the baptistry.

Most wonderful of all the churches of Guanajuato is San Cayetano, built on a lofty eminence swept by the pure air of the mountains and commanding a splendid view over the Valley of Guanajuato. This church was built by the proprietor of the famous mine, La Valenciana, Conde Rul. This mine, once one of the richest in the world, is now nearly exhausted; but memories of former greatness are found in the magnificent church that stands alone, towering among the ruins of the past.

Wherever one may go in Mexico churches are sure to be found. Cuernavaca has a handsome cathedral. In San Luis Potosi is the famous Church of Santo Domingo. Guadalajara has a cathedral filled with priceless treasures, among which is Murillo's "Assumption of the Virgin," a gift of King Carlos IV. The Cathedral of Morelia, capital of the State of Michoacan, is situated in a luxuriant valley surrounded by high mountains. The structure was built on a gentle elevation and is flanked by two beautiful gardens called the Plaza de los Martires and the Plaza de la Paz.

In the State of Guerrero the Church of Tasco is dedicated to San Sebastian and Santa Prisca. This church was erected by the mining magnate, José de la Borda, as a token of gratitude for the many benefits received in a country he entered poor and in which he lived to become a potentate.

The monastery of Santo Domingo at Oaxaca must not pass unnoticed. It is one of the largest conventual structures in Mexico. The small town of Cholula is famous for its prehistoric pyramid and because it was one of the first seats of the Christian faith on the Western Continent. Today there is a church in Cholula for every hundred inhabitants.

The greatest art treasure held by the Church in Mexico is certainly Titian's famous "Entombment." This is to be seen in the small Indian village of Tzintzuntzan. The masterpiece, which has been called one of the painter's greatest works, is jealously guarded by the villagers, who attribute to it supernatural powers. The crucifix in the Church of Santa Clara at Queretaro, by Mariano Perusquia, is also a noted work of art.

Gifts from popes, kings, and emperors have contributed to the art wealth of Mexico. Even the smallest church in the most remote village has some treasure, while the great cathedrals stand as enduring evidence that the people of old Mexico knew how to translate faith into art.

GRETNA GREEN MARRIAGE

GRETNA GREEN is still a Mecca for romantically-inclined couples, according to the evidence offered in a recent London divorce, and under the Scottish law the ceremony is still valid. The London Judge was so astonished at the fact that this picturesque ceremony was still legally operative on the border that he made the plaintiff give a detailed account of her experience.

According to the plaintiff, she and her fiancé appeared before William Johnson, the Gretna Green blacksmith, who asked them separately the orthodox questions at to whether they took each other as lawful husband and wife. After each party had assented, the blacksmith, who performed the ceremony in a shed before two witnesses he had provided, announced that they were married and bade them sign the certificate. By Scottish law the facts, as attested by witnesses, are in themselves valid and recognised without the certificate.

NEW PROPHET IN ISLAM

(Continued from Page 11)

impossible until the wild tribes of the desert had been subjugated. Today you can journey to and from the Holy City without the least fear of molestation. You can load your camel with gold and go alone anywhere throughout the length and breadth of Arabia that is ruled by me without let or hindrance. Perfect safety in traveling is the watchword of my garment.

"It is my desire to show to the whole universe that Mussulmans, be they negro or white men, stand on the same footing; can eat together, can live in the same house, can hold the same appointments, can have the same freedom of affection and thought, but I must emphasize this that they must conform to the true dictates of Islam if they are to have all these privileges. For the rest, there can be no mercy. They only abuse Islam and add no weight to its religion. I have no use for such men and the sooner they cease to be followers of the Prophet the better."

Suddenly the King stopped short because the clock was striking 12. This is prayer time.

"Will you join us?" asked the King. "And I hope we shall meet again."

I joined in the prayer and on my way back to our apartments I went to the harem to the small black stone and kissed it thrice.

The Conference Opens

A few days later the conference opened. Breakfasting, we betook ourselves to the old artillery barracks, or fort, on the top of a rocky eminence outside the western gate of the city, where the conference was to be held. From the turret the green flag of the Hedjas floated in the breeze. The white fort, standing alone on the gray rocks, presented a charming picture, reminding one of an Arabian Nights' castle. All around the building on the rocky ground earth had been spread and sown with barley and other cereals to produce a green effect.

At the entrance white-robed officials wearing snowy turbans received us and examined our credentials. We then passed up the wide staircase to the hall above, where the deliberations were to take place.

The Turkish delegates failed to appear, but the leading Moslem countries were represented. Russia had 7 delegates, Hedjas 12, Java 5, India 12, Nejd 5, Asser 3, Palestine 3, Syria 3, Sudan (doctors of theology) 2, nominated by Ibin Saud; Egyptians 3, also nominated by him.

Precisely at 2 o'clock, when all had taken their seats, a muffled explosion shook the building. It was the firing of the salute from the fort announcing that the Sultan was on his way to open the conference.

"The Sultan! The Sultan!" shouted the usher. We rose to our feet and saw about a dozen negro guards wearing red tunics, white breeches and black knee-boots, with the customary drawn swords, ascend the steps, followed by the Sultan himself, accompanied by his son, Faisal.

Next day the real work began. The first item was that the assembly be called the All-World Moslem Conference, that it be held yearly at Mecca during the time of the pilgrimage. Here Mohammed Ali arose to put an amendment.

"Supposing there is war in Arabia," he said, "and the delegates could not get to Mecca, where is the assembly to take place?"

After some discussion it was decided that if there is war or disturbance in Mecca then the meeting is to take place in some independent Islamic country, where the Islamic laws were practiced. Failing such a country, then in the best possible Islamic province.

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BORAH GOES TO THE COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 1)

Since then Borah has been his own political team—in fact, a political party unto himself. On occasion he has played with others, as in the League of Nations struggle and, more recently, the World Court fight, but for the occasion only.

Generally he is not so much as a full-fledged member of any team with which circumstances of the moment throw him. He has usually gone further than, or not so far as, the concrete groups with which he seemed to be allied. In truth, Borah, since 1912, has seldom played the part even of ally. With few exceptions, he has worked with others, when at all, as an independent associate only.

This is true, for instance, of his identity as a prohibitionist—a new emphasis on which having caused him to be hailed as national dry leader.

On the subject of alcoholic drink Borah feels more intensely than even Wayne B. Wheeler. Even his fondness for eighteenth century literature quickens in Borah not so much as a poetic liking for the cup. He always has been a dry, personally and politically.

But he had less to do than the most indifferent in-between with the shaping of tactics by which the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act were promoted. He voted for the amendment, but with manifest reluctance; for it as a principle he uttered not a word. It is known that Borah voted for it mainly on the ground that there seemed to him no other feasible way by which communities that wanted to be dry could be protected from the overpourings of those that wanted to be wet. Nor, in fact, has he defended the amendment as a principle since its adoption, holding only that rum is bad and that the Federal proviso against it must be enforced so long as it is in the Constitution.

All-Round Constitutionalism

"In my judgment, no part of the Constitution is more sick at present than another," he declared in a recent speech, wherein he did not hesitate to say that enfranchisement of negroes by the Fifteenth Amendment was at the time a great mistake. All-round constitutionalism is likely to be among the leading notes he will sound on his one-man national campaign.

Borah's lone hand even on prohibition is illustrated by the fact that he who is now hailed as the new national dry leader voted against the Volstead act, on the ground—though this is in part an inference—that some of its features represented desirable reform translated into terms of dangerous fanaticism.

That kind of exquisite singularity has been the outstanding mark of the third phase of Borah's career.

The phase has been marked also by a manner of living that verges on the monastic. A genial man, one who finds joy in humankind, he has "mixed" freely in recent years only with folk who live in books. His current official setting as Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee caused no change, though upon that place the magnets of a glittering and often brilliant society play with an all but irresistible force.

This phase of his career has been marked, too, by a tendency toward becoming a man with a single personality—that found in The Congressional Record. Of light incident, of the kind which modern-day biographical artists make the chief ingredient of their paint, Borah's known life in recent years yields only one: he rides a horse!

Now, apparently, a new phase of his career is to open. Borah is to "bathe in the multitude," from which—though he has for it the born orator's love—he has literally shrunk during the past fourteen years. He is to go to the crowd, the far-flung national crowd, in person.

The public is to have wide opportunity to hear Borah's voice, which carries further than any other American voice, barring that in the White House. What has he to say? Beyond a few negations, such as opposition to "nullification" of the Eighteenth Amendment and to the World Court as now shaped, no one can tell, probably not Borah himself.

"The reason the doors of the Senate chamber always swing open only when Borah speaks," says a close observer of the Washington scene, "is not only that he is the first orator and one of the clearest thinkers in the upper house; it is owing largely to the fact that no one ever knows what Borah is going to say."

The Hamlet of Personages

He has long been the prime "element of suspense" in the running story of national politics. Some persons attribute it to an erratic character and thus miss much of its charm. Certainly Borah is temperamentally mercurial, as shown by the fact that he seldom pursues enterprises with the ardor he displays in starting them. He is the Hamlet among public men. He has stated that he proposes to speak in every State in the Union and has indicated that his speeches will range the entire scale of public affairs. The schedule envisages an appeal to the national ear and mind beyond what any other man of this day might make. Will he go through with it? Maybe.

Aside from a loathness to pursue every planned venture through to an end, and a mental tempo that comprises neither liking nor scorn for the gambler's chance, Borah holds to a fine thread of consistency. An argument which might be made against the claim that he is truly a great statesman is that he concerns himself too much about that "hobgoblin of small minds." The concern is mostly negative, however, in that it is displayed only in a reluctance ever to admit that he has been wrong. In that particular, Borah plays the game of politics according to age-old rule.

In other particulars, however, he does not. He does not traffic in the juggling tactics of practical politics. Even the word "organization," dear to most politicians, is scarcely included in Borah's political lexicon. With 1828 the probable zero year for the attainment of any active Presidential ambition he may have, will a change mark the apparent new phase of his career?

Possibly, but not probably. When asked about the matter of organization in furthering his program he said that if proper interest developed in the issues as he sees them this would follow, naturally, albeit spontaneously.

A man of millions once called on the Idahoian and offered to "finance," without strings of any sort, a Borah-for-President boom. He did not get the slightest encouragement. Borah seemed to view the tender as a passing incident of no great importance.

"Senator Borah takes a good deal of personal pride in the unique position he has made for himself in public life," said one who knows him well, "and it is probable that he would pass up the Presidency itself before he would compromise that position in an important particular."

The position defies labeling, just as it embodies no patented formula. It is neither Republican, Democratic, independent, conservative, liberal nor reactionary. In some respects it is all of these and in others it runs counter to them. Only one label adheres to it as a whole: It is Borah. It encompasses but one kind of formula: Borah's. Even his brand of prohibition, when analyzed, yields something different from that of other professional dry or wet.

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ROMNEY HAS CLIMBED TO A DIZZY PEAK

(Continued from Page 9)

place, because Emma was just as much the inspiration of Romney as she was the inspiration of Nelson, though it does not in the least appear that she was ever more than model to the painter. It was in painting her in so many of the moods of woman that he found himself—or rather he made his canvas the mirror of the extraordinary sensibility and power of expression of this woman who was all women in one and, as such, the actress always.

It is as if his art of painting were the medium by which this Raquel Meller of her time had been provided with a stage for the professional talents which she expended otherwise in private life. For the quality of Emma's art was the quality of Raquel's—brief, intense moments of this mood and that, of this emotion and the other, not sustained flights. She was every woman, indeed, but no one woman long. Each of the women that she was Romney has put upon canvas—or just as many as his opportunities allowed. Of them all, the painter himself preferred her as "staid sweetness personified" in "The Seamstress."

George Romney was the son of a joiner and cabinetmaker—a cabinetmaker who is reputed to have made a chest of drawers out of a sailor's chest and so introduced mahogany into domestic use in England. The cabinetmaker was also an agriculturist. According to his grandson (the Rev. John Romney, B. D., the painter's son and biographer) he invented the iron mold-board of the plow, which presently became standard, and put spokes into the wheels of his farm carts. "His genius," we read, "was as expert in making a fiddle as in constructing and embellishing a gentleman's mansion."

A Knack for Likenesses

The son of this father was born at Dalton, near Furness, on the coast of Lancashire, one of eleven children. He was taken out of school at 11 years old to help his father in his trade, and became a carver of wood. He likewise made fiddles. Moreover, he was taught to play the fiddle by a watchmaker named Williamson, who was also an "alchymist" and engaged his pupil in that pursuit. Then young George began to try to make pictures, inspired partly by Leonardo da Vinci's "Treatise on Painting," an illustrated copy of which his father owned. It was noted that he had a knack for likenesses.

In his twenty-first year he was formally apprenticed to one Christopher Steele, an itinerant dabbler who had been to Paris, put on notable grand airs and was known as "Count." The indentures in legal form set forth that George Romney, "in consideration of £21 in hand paid," is to be "well and sufficiently taught in the art or science of a painter," and that his master "shall and will allow unto the said apprentice meat, drink, washing and lodging suitable and convenient." The term of the indenture was four years.

Steele treated the young man, his reverend son says, more like a servant than a pupil. He set him at grinding colors and the "drudgery of his art." He also engaged his assistance in a runaway match involving a dash to Scotland.

Then George "became enamoured of a young female in the same rank of life with himself, who excelled more in symmetry of form than in regularity of feature." So runs her own son's description. This symmetrical "young female" was Mary Abbott, and George Romney married her in spite of the objections of the family. He said it would only make him work the harder at his art.

And, indeed, it did have that effect. He went with his master to York and there learned enough and made enough money to buy his freedom from his indentures when they had still two years to run. It cost him £10. Steele, though a tramp, was not, the son says, "so vile a dauber." Presently Romney was painting portraits for people in his own neighborhood and attracting many sitters. His price was two guineas for a head and six guineas for a full length. In this period he painted members of the Strickland family of Sigergh, who had a Lely and some good foreign paintings of French ancestors, which the young painter studied with profit. He likewise painted Colonel George Wilson with his dogs, which were acknowledged as speaking likenesses. A clergyman who refused to sit formally he painted for the clergyman's wife as he saw him in the pulpit.

Another enterprise was a lottery to dispose of some "fancy pictures" which he had painted at York from engravings. They had titles like "Lear Awakened by Cordelia," "A Magdalen," "St. Cecilia," "Droll Scene at an Ale House" and "A Shandean Episode." This last dealt with Dr. Slop and other characters in Laurence Sterne's classic. For it would seem that Romney had met Dr. Sterne at York.

The pictures were exhibited at the Town Hall, Kendall, admission free. The financial returns do not seem to have been very large, but some of the pictures survive. Romney's own idea of what he really wanted to paint was this sort of thing. He confessed to a hatred of portrait painting. And as a historical painter, according to Walter Sichel, he "won his spurs by defying the conventions which then exacted that soldiers in a modern battle-piece should be classically attired."

But we are getting a little ahead. In 1762 Romney decided to go to London. He got together £100, which he divided fifty-fifty with his wife, who was left behind. And here is the parallel between the poor boy of Furness and the poor boy of Stratford. No more than Shakespeare did Romney take his salad-days family on his great adventure toward fame and fortune. And, like Shakespeare, Romney has been much blamed. However, his son thinks there are extenuating circumstances, and the wife seems to have taken the arrangement in reasonably good part.

The journey to London was undertaken on horseback and there was a narrow escape from highwaymen. Romney lodged first at the Castle Inn. He did not tell the other young artists in London that he had a wife. But he did presently send for £20 more of the joint fund of £100.

In London he lived in Dove Court, then in Bearbinder's Lane, then in Mews Gate, Charing Cross, to be near the artists' academy in St. Martin's Lane. And he painted the picture of General Wolfe's victory and death, which won him the prize afterward taken away from him and given to Mortimer. It was this picture which was named in derogation "a coat and waistcoat" subject, because the costumes were not classical.

From that period date stories of the jealousy the painter from Lancashire inspired in the decorated breast of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It seems Reynolds was annoyed because tactless persons began telling him that Romney was the coming man. Garrick also disliked Romney, and Richard Cumberland, who was the painter's dull friend, only made matters worse by bringing Garrick to Romney's studio, where the great man, assuming his best stage airs of a gentleman, was pleased to be condescendingly insulting.

Nevertheless, Romney kept on painting and learning. In 1764 he paid his first visit to Paris. In the first year of his residence in London he got three guineas for a portrait head. By 1765 he was getting five guineas, by 1767 seven guineas, and by 1769 he was getting ten guineas.

This figure had risen to twelve just before he went off to Italy. That was in his thirty-ninth year, and he spent more than two years in Italy and France before he returned to London. He has recorded his impressions of visits to Nimes, where is the Maison Carreé, the Roman temple from which Thomas Jefferson copied the Capitol at Richmond; and to Avignon, where he was fascinated with the uncorseted women in knee-length skirts. (If George Romney could only see us now!) He went to Marseilles, Nice, Monaco, Genoa, and finally reached Rome, where he devoted himself to study. It was at Rome that he was fortunate enough to encounter (I quote his reverend son) "a young female of fine form who lent herself for hire to artists as a naked model and by these means supported her mother and herself." Painting her he learned anatomy and finished a nude wood-nymph, which brought forty guineas.

Afterward came visits and study at Florence, Bologna, Venice. He was back in London in 1775, a date which means more now than it did then. The Duke of Richmond came to sit for his portrait and so did Admiral Keppel and Mr. Burke. Romney had "arrived" and took a place in Cavendish Square. He had acquired great facility. He had five sitters a day, sometimes even six.

But there were difficulties. A "chère amie" would be brought in for a portrait and before it was finished both the lady and the portrait would have been deserted by the fickle gallant who made the gesture. The Duchess of Rutland, who had herself painted as a young woman, was ruined when the Duke wanted her portrait brought down to date. Georgiana of Devonshire came three times for sittings, but none of the three portraits was finished. In fact, a great many Romney portraits were left unfinished—and unpaid for.

And, at the last appearance of Mr. Garrick at Old Drury, Mr. Romney caught a cold. He would certainly have died of it (his son says) if Sir Richard Jebb had not ordered him to drink a bottle of Madeira. Thus he survived another twenty years. This last fortunate twenty years includes the half decade when he was painting Emma Hamilton—"the divine lady," Romney called her. Not least of his titles to the gratitude of the world is that he expressed in lively terms of paint so much of one of the world's greatest spell-binders and weavers of magic. Supposing we had Helen of Troy so preserved—or Cleopatra!

Surely it is a nobler destiny to be immortally associated with the Muse of Nelson's Victory than to have merely sold one's self to the duchesses, as our Sargent was accused of having done—following the example of Gainsborough and even Sir Joshua himself. Especially if, after a paltry 150 years, your picture of a pretty woman—not Lady Hamilton—is worth $300,000.

George Romney died in 1802, aged 68 years. He was never the same after Emma ceased to be the light of his studio. He was not buried in St. Paul's or in the Abbey, but in the little church at Dalton, Furness.

H. I. B.

BERNHARDT MONUMENT

A MONUMENT to the late Sarah Bernhardt, long beloved of Paris theatregoers, is to be erected in the Place Malesherbes, nearly a mile north of the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées. The site recently selected by the city authorities is close to the little hotel in the Boulevard Péreire where the actress died. A committee formed soon after Bernhardt's death is in charge of the project.

IMPROVING SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE, if seldom presented in his entirety, is nevertheless much better treated nowadays than in years gone by. His fame underwent an eclipse in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and Dryden felt no compunction about rewriting "Antony and Cleopatra." Perhaps "Hamlet" in modern dress might be cited as a twentieth-century lapse.

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ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE ANCIENT SORBONNE

(Continued from Page 14)

the most popular lecturer in this course. Students like his subject no less than they like him. He is an eminent authority on Molière and the classic drama. A spare, small man, with iron-gray hair brushed back, a shrill voice and eyes ever dancing, like Puck's. He opens at random a small book and reads a few lines from "Les Fourberies de Scapin." He stops.

"Once Scapin was your friend," he observes in high treble, "you never could depend on him."

When the room has settled down again he proceeds, a few lines at a time, so interpreting Molière that you never forget.

Or on another day you may find yourself listening to Professor René Schneider, speaking to an equally enthusiastic class on the history of French art, from Roman Gaul down the ages to impressionism. M. Schneider shows slides he had made from photographs taken in every corner of France, tracing in chateaux, cathedrals and statuary the formation of an art distinctly national through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

For foreign students here is a vivid lesson in judging architecture from the French point of view; a lesson essentially broadening, memorable. When you see French sculpture deriving successively from Hellenism, nature, romanticism, you may expect to hear something of the same in the lectures on painting and literature. And you do. One morning at the Sorbonne you discover that you are visualizing by periods the evolution of the whole French people.

French literature is studied by centuries, from the Middle Ages to the present day. There is a separate course in contemporary history, one in sociology and the development of social ideas, one in geography, another in French family life, institutions and politics. And when you hear of the affection, loyalty and hospitality within the French family, a sort of clan admiration perpetually stirred up for cousins and aunts of whatsoever degree, you realize that there is still one race to which relatives mean more than do friends.

Of the nine courses offered in this program, no student working for a diploma is expected to attempt more than four or five. In each a weekly exercise written in French is required, based on reading and the lectures. From time to time the professor selects one of these exercises to be read by the pupil before the class, in an afternoon meeting. Then the professor and the other pupils criticise the paper in a general discussion, in which the author may defend or amplify his views.

Though the Sorbonne is organized in five Faculties—Letters, Science, Law, Medicine and Pharmacy—the greater proportion of Americans chooses the Faculty of Letters. The other schools serve admirably to train Americans who intend to live in France; the Faculty of Letters best educates the world, or for the world. This is not to say, however, that Americans are few in courses outside the general course described on French civilization. Several hundred are preparing in a special school to become professors of French. From this school some proceed to their doctorate.

International Mirth

Late in the afternoon eminent scholars of the Sorbonne conduct free public courses in literature—English as well as French—to which many Americans are attracted. One of the most valuable of these courses is Professor Emile Legouis's Shakespeare.

In this class, as in few others—since the Shakespeare vocabulary is full of knots—laughter, as one might say, is general. The American students laugh at the way the French pronounce English, and the French students laugh at the Americans endeavoring to pronounce French. It is hard to say which side wins; but whenever an obsolete word in "The Tempest" required a full line for its French equivalent, there was always more than a ripple.

It seemed strange that Sorbonne should give so many courses of instruction, especially of advanced grade, without charge. I asked the Secretary about it, and he replied:

"We believe in making the finest things free."

A still more notable establishment of free teaching, like the Sorbonne, a part of the University of Paris, is the Collège de France, standing opposite the Sorbonne, across the Rue Saint-Jacques. It was founded in 1530 by Francis I.

There is no charge for tuition; no diplomas or degrees are conferred; no examinations are held; none of the lecturers are professors by vocation. The entire Faculty consists of men who have won fame as authors or scientists.

If you walk down Rue Saint-Jaques, cross Boulevard Saint-Germain, continue two short blocks beyond, then turn into Rue de la Bucherie, you taste more keenly the Latin quarter. There you find the Maison des Etudiants, rendezvous for Sorbonne students, men and women.

Here the principal event of what we should call in America "college life" is the Saturday dance. It lasts all night, and, though the French students are generally low in funds, they manage, often in company with fellow students of other nations, to carry on, with oysters and champagne, till sunrise. The inner side of the ballroom, which occupies most of the ground floor, holds a huge mural painting (the French never miss a chance to paint a wall), done by a student, representing university life in medieval Paris. Downstairs are the café and bar, very simple, the fittings all of unpainted wood. There, between dances, the air rings with songs and merriment.

Too much time spent in the streets and shops of Paris is not good for Americans ambitious to speak French without a squirm. The Sorbonne is one of the few remaining public places where your questions are sure not to be answered in English.

SUMMER STUDENTS GO HOME

(Continued from Page 8)

student population and their every movement is a matter of public interest. Here at Columbia they merge so completely into the student life of the huge Summer group that they had actually to be hunted out and summoned to a tea in their honor.

Somewhere between a fifth and a sixth of the Summer students come from the South and the number is constantly increasing. So is the quality of the work these people do; for education, so long limited and hard pressed for funds in the Southern States, is progressing very surely. The Southern colleges realize that they have a magnificent opportunity to prove their worth and keep their students at home, while the older Northern institutions are overflowing, stiffening requirements and turning people away. So the South encourages its teachers.

The Southern Club is the most popular and prosperous of the State clubs and its Stunt Night, the Friday before examinations begin, is fast becoming an institution. The State clubs have existed since 1910, when a group of homesick Summer students decided that the geographic basis was the best one for forming small groups and getting acquainted.

The question of fatigue at Summer sessions is very serious. One woman, whose administrative position brings her into close touch with the students in their off hours, said deliberately, "I sometimes think that fully half of them haye no business to be here. They are so tired.

"And yet," she smiled at a passing student, "you saw that woman who just went past? She comes from Kentucky, and she has not been out of the mountains for twenty years. Physically, she is worn out, but mentally and spiritually she is starved. I asked her one day why she went on a Saturday excursion, she was so tired. Her face lit up, and she said 'You just don't understand. You can't, living here all the time. This is more important to me than the very breath of life.'"

The Theatre Collection

The foreign students are as varied in occupation as in nationality. Logically, they centre at International House, but, hospitable as it is, it can house only a fraction of them. Its biggest foreign group are the Oriental students, Chinese and Japanese, who come for everything from teaching to engineering. Russians, mostly of the old régime, go in for a practical profession which will earn them a living, and luxuriate in theoretical courses in philosophy and history. There is an English nurse who came on an exchange scholarship to study dietetics. A Hindu student did graduate work in engineering, and spent his free hours planning ways of bringing the needs of small nations to the attention of careless America. An Arab girl from Palestine was studying social work, and expected to take her knowledge down to Brazil. A Mexican girl of Indian stock, studied methods of rural education, that she might help her own people.

HOUDINI'S LITERARY SPIRITS

(Continued from Page 12)

Queen bantered from lip to lip—sullied under your eyes, as it were, until fifty years must pass before impartial history restores to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette her virtue as a wife.

"Do you regard an imposter like Cagliostro as severely as you do the spiritualists of our day?" I ask him curiously.

"No," is his answer. "There was not any honest way at that time for an honest wonder-worker to make a living. Nor was the spiritualist of that age breaking the civil law as he is today."

One of the most valuable of Houdini's books is the "Discouverie of Witchcraft," written in 1584 by Reginald Scott, who also wrote a learned and practical book on the science of agriculture. Its value to the collector is that this volume is one of the few left in the world, for James I, who believed blindly in witches, ordered every copy of the book burned.

A century and a half later we find the greatest mechanical genius of England hand in glove with a street-fair magician. Christopher Pinchbeck Sr., invented the famous astronomical-musical clock which "showeth the motions and phenomena of planets and fixed stars." He was the inventor of the copper and zinc alloy called after his name to this day. He invented a dozen mechanical conveniences which have passed unpatented into the life of the people—just as Houdini in our day invented the wardrobe trunk and the typewriter-ribbon shift for his own use, without realizing their financial value.

But when it came to making a living, Pinchbeck turned his genius into magic, because magic was the most salable mechanical article of his century. The tree that bears fruit on the stage, familiar to many of us, is a product of his genius. The oldest and rarest mezzotint, anywhere, pertaining to magic, is the Pinchbeck portrait in the Houdini collection.

And take Pinetti. The collection has a delightful engraving of Pinetti, extremely valuable because it is the only authentic portrait of him. Decorating its frame are the crown of laurel and the geographer's globe as symbols of the education of this eighteenth-century magician.

As often happens in the history of savants and scholars, there ran in Pinetti's blood a love of the uncanny, with that peculiar strain of charlatanism which went to make up the clever performer of old-time magic. That same strain of mystery-lore runs through Houdini's veins, for he, too, comes of a long line of savants and scholars. His father a rabbi, his grandfather a rabbi, the traditions of his family lead back to the secrets of the cabala, the mystic philosophy of the Hebrew religion which grew up in the tenth century and was passed down by word of mouth and by signs and symbols. It was a sacred thing until charlatans of Europe, like Cagliostro, borrowed, profaned and commercialized it.

It was not considered ethically necessary to draw that line in Pinetti's generation. Evidently he resigned his duties as a professor for the more picturesque life of a traveling magician, and used his science to create illusions that were to be the treasure trove of magic for generations to come. We find him at the Court of Louis XVI at the opportune moment when all of Paris—and for that matter all of Europe—had been drawn inevitably to the new magic by the brilliant and eerie Cagliostro. A contradictory personality, this Pinetti. Wise as a sage; handsome as a courtier, yet buffooning for his own sport—he is a vivid and italicised page of history. For instance, there is the story of a day when he took off his head just as the terrified barber was about to shave him. (Houdini took off his thumb for me at this point in the story.)

Years later we find the real Pinetti, retired with a vast fortune, which he squandered in balloon experimentation, and died a poor man for the love of science.

Foreign Students

But the collection is by no means confined to a library of magic. Houdini's library of theatre treasures is almost as rare. Indeed, from the standpoint of the fine arts, the collection is richest in portfolios of engravings of immortal actors—also with immortal engravings of the contemporary actors whose fame has been decidedly mortal. The glory of eighteenth-century steel engraving fell impartially on the great and on the insignificant.

I find as I write that little more than an indication of the scope of the collection is possible without page on page of printed catalogue, yet it is well that the public should have some idea of its range, for the reason that this is an "open library." Any research worker who needs special information contained in the collection is welcome to use the library as Mr. Houdini's guest—the only condition being that he himself be present. No one has ever been refused this hospitality.

It is desirable, then, that the public should know that there is a good collection of Americana, too; letters of Tom Paine, letters of Francis Scott Key, the signatures of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and engravings of our earliest American actors. It is desirable, also, that the public should know that the collection contains a technical library on criminology.

As to the value of the collection, such a matter can never be determined in terms of dollars and cents. Houdini carries $350,000 insurance, but there would be no such thing as replacing certain unique treasures, such as the Queen's necklace papers.

Fortunately, he has willed his spritualistic and magicians' libraries and letters and documents to the National Museum in Washington, where they will never be dispersed.

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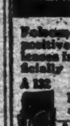
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OLD ANNAPOLIS IS A JEWEL OF GEORGIAN ARCHITECTURE

(Continued from Page 17)

dinary in that they seem originally to have been supported by the stair rail as a truss. For the supports that now assist in bearing the weight are obviously no part of the original design.

The fine Palladian window which used to command the garden at the back repeats in a general way the design and decoration of the imposing doorway, which is the only break in the plainness of the front. Instead of the customary two wings, one on either side, there is in case of this house a single wing. It is of the usual L or T shape and the usual one story and a half high, so that it is entirely dwarfed by the big upstanding mass of the main building. The opposite side of the house as we now see it has a two-story porch. This is probably not a part of the original design, though, obviously, from the structure of the brick wall on that side, porches of some sort did exist from the beginning.

Besides the huge centre hall, the house has four rooms on each floor, each room with four windows. To the right of the hall as you enter is the dining room with most elaborately carved woodwork, including chimney-pieces, doorways, windows and window shutters. The design of the main doorway from the dining room into the hall is peculiarly interesting. This interest for the close observer of such matters lies not only in the effect, which is admirable, but in the manner in which the broken arch is superimposed upon the door frame proper. Hardly less arresting is the carving of the solid wooden shutters, which are of the sort that, when the window is fully open, fold up out of sight in the embrasure. The doors on this entire floor are of mahogany with silver rings for door-pulls. The rings assume a curious shape to fit the hand.

The drawing room on the opposite side of the hallway follows the same general style, but the treatment of the woodwork is much simpler and the window shutters are not carved. In this room, by the way, are preserved a sword and a silver punch-bowl which belonged to Governor Sharpe. Much of the fine old furniture still in the house belonged to the families associated with its heyday.

Home for Aged Women

It may be noted that in 1847 the house returned to the possession of the family of Samuel Chase, who built it. In 1888 it was bequeathed by Hester Ann Chase Ridout to the Episcopal Church of Maryland, to be used as a home for aged women. That is the purpose to which it is now devoted, and if you happen to meet one of the resident old ladies she will show you over the place with peculiar pride. Mrs. Ridout, the donor, represented in her person not only the Chase family, but that of John Ridout.

This Oxonian, who came out to the Colony as secretary to Governor Sharpe, married, in 1765, Mary, daughter of Samuel Ogle (who was also one of Lord Baltimore's Governors), and built the house in Duke of Gloucester Street which still bears his name and in which his descendants live to this day. The Duke of Gloucester Street front of the Ridout house is typically plain. The garden front—this is one of the old houses which has not lost its garden—shows a small portico reached by a long flight of steps, and above the portico a handsome triple window of Palladian design, the central arch of which cuts into the line of the cornice, thus giving a somewhat different aspect to the façade, with its steeply pitched roof and the regulation wall-like double chimneys at either end. The street front shows the characteristic bands or rosy brick, and the windows likewise are framed in this brick.

This house and three others a bit further along the street, built after the same pattern by John Ridout for his three children, form together an exceedingly pleasing Georgian group. Just across the way is St. Mary's Church and the ecclesiastical group of more recent and much less admirable buildings which mask from view Carrollton House, already briefly described.

Governor Ogle's own handsome town house, built in 1742, is still standing at the corner of King George Street and College Avenue—the last named from St. John's College, which is by some counted after Harvard and William and Mary among the oldest of American colleges, descending as it does from a free school known as King William's, founded in 1696. The Ogle house has a particularly lovely doorway opening into the garden.

Just across from the big Chase house in Maryland Avenue is one of the most dignified, gracious and unusual of all the Annapolis houses. It is a little more recent than most of the houses so far mentioned, having been built in 1774, in the midst of the excitement over the tea tax—the excitement which produced in Annapolis, as in Boston, a tea party. The Annapolitans, instead of disguising themselves as Indians and tossing the tea overboard, summoned before them the importers of the abhorred stuff and the owner of the brig which brought it over—one Anthony Stewart—and made them sign an abject apology for their impudent indiscretion in defying patriotic public opinion.

After that Anthony Stewart judged it wiser to burn the brig and the tea together as a gesture of submission. With his own hand he set the torch to his vessel—called, after his daughter, the Peggy Stewart—while the townsfolk lent the sacrifice the approval of their presence as witnesses. It is an old story to good Marylanders, of course, this tea party. But New Englanders know less about it. And few American histories mention it—or do more than mention it.

However, the immediate question is the house opposite the Chase House, dating from the tea-party year. This was built by Matthias Hammond, a rich merchant of the town, but has long been known as the Harwood House, after the family which subsequently acquired it and whose last representative, an old maiden lady, died only two years ago, with the result that the houseful of choice old furniture was dispersed at auction.

It is a fine square house, two stories high, with a singularly beautiful doorway opening on the street. The two wings of the usual story and a half height are connected with the central buildings by one-story corridors and are of octagonal shape, the whole group producing an agreeable effect of restraint and distinction. The material is the customary red brick with the bands of rosier brick already described, and the flat arches of the windows are of the same rosy brick. As in the case of the Chase House, the approach to the fine main door is a simple wooden platform, with a railing and steps. The carved window frame immediately about the door is another notable feature of the facade, and the gable, which faces the front and is much flatter than in most Annapolis houses, has a circular window with very handsome carving.

Though Annapolis is a tiny capital, it is impossible in a brief article to name anything like all the eighteenth century houses which have brought down to the present the architectural atmosphere of a town which, at its best, represented an assembled effect of urban or semi-urban elegance nowhere else achieved in this country in anything like so compact a form. It is impossible to omit, however, another house built by a signer of the Declaration of Independence some thirteen years before the famous Fourth of July which began the patriotic series of Fourths. This is the house now known as Carvel Hall, because Winston Churchill, who knew it when he was a midshipman at the Naval Academy, used it as the scene in his novel, "Richard Carvel." It does present duty as the Carvel Hall Hotel.

But the builder was William Paca, a Marylander, who was a barrister of the Middle Temple in London and who married Mary Chew. Besides being a signer of Thomas Jefferson's most famous literary composition, Paca was, after the break with England Governor of Maryland.

The enterprising persons who have made a hotel of the old mansion have stuck their very considerable modern additions on the back of it, where the old garden used to be—the garden that extended down to the water and had a lake, a Summer house, a fountain, bowers and hedges and flowers, and at the bottom of it a pier for the mooring of the Governor's barge, which navigated in state with a dozen or more negro oarsmen in livery. All this Mr. Churchill used in his fiction, as readers of the novel will remember. The Paca house was only one of many Annapolis houses which served him as background for his romance.

The Prince George Street front is preserved in much its original state and follows quite closely the plan of the Brice House, already described. There is the central building, two stories and a basement, with the steeply pitched roof and the great chimneys at either end. And there are the wings, right and left. One of these wings is a T, like those of the Brice House, the stem of the T touching the main house and the cross of the T perpendicular to the street, with the gable end fronting that way. The other wing has been transformed into another form, in which the American Georgian design has lost its purity. Nevertheless, it is a fine front. Only a part of the interior has been spared, but something of the old hallway remains, and the handsomely proportioned drawing room still wears the air which belongs to the period when General Washington used to "tread a measure"—perhaps with more dignity than grace—and the French marquises stood ready to supply plenty of both. Let's call it "blood and behavior for twenty," as they sing in "Iolanthe."

Which connects Georgian architecture with another art—an art that survived and flourished even in the Victorian times which treated architecture to such torments.

WHEN PARLIAMENT IS UNRULY

(Continued from Page 3)

precations as 'liar' and 'traitor.'" The interrupters were a band of young Conservative members who, because they were led by Lord Hugh Cecil, were known as the "Hughligans."

C. F. G. Masterman, a Liberal ex-Minister, records that "as a member of Parliament I have heard one of those joyful spirits, a noble lord now on the front bench, interrupting one of Sir Alfred Mond's first speeches on free trade by loud exhortations to 'go back to Jerusalem.' I have heard another noble lord shouting to Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister, to 'go back to his bottle.' I have heard another accuse my friend, Will Thorne, of being drunk in the House and compelled by the Speaker next day to apologize abjectly."

Churchill's Escape

Mr. Masterman has also recalled Winston Churchill's escape when Ronald McNeill, now Secretary to the Treasury, hurled a huge brass-bound book at his face. If it had been but slightly deflected it might have blinded him.

The assertion that Labor disorder in the House is organized for the deliberate destruction of parliamentary institutions may be true. If it is true, however, Labor cannot claim a patent for it. Such credit as attaches to its origination belongs to the Irish Party, who were not only prior with its invention but superior in its application. More determined obstructionists have never been. Their intention was to prove the incapacity of Parliament to govern Irish affairs by demonstrating its inability to control its own. The most flattering tribute paid to the forcefulness of their methods was the bestowal of the popular term "Irish law" on a general tightening of the discipline of debate which was enforced to defeat them.

Fierce were the scenes when Irish tempers—kindled by the memory of ancient wrong—flamed forth in searing invective and bitter phrase. The first member of the Reformed Parliament of 1832 to be reproved by the Speaker for unseemly language was Daniel O'Connell. The Liberator characterized the Speech from the Throne as "brutal and bloody."

Forty-four years later "Tim" Healy, now Governor General of the Irish Free State, described an Irish peer as "this bigoted and malevolent young puppy." John O'Connell, son of the great Daniel, observed in the following year that "the honorable member had enforced his attack with all the grimaces of a mountebank and the spite of a viper."

It was not only the Commons who offended against good order in the brave days of old. Pepys, writing in his diary in 1666, tells how the Duke of Buckingham of that time dug his elbow summarily into the side of the Marquis of Dorchester. The Marquis replied in kind. "The Duke of Buckingham," continues Pepys, "asked whether he was uneasy and the Marquis replied, 'Yes,' and that he durst not do this anywhere else. The Duke replied that he would and that he was a better man than himself. Lord Dorchester exclaimed that he lied, and upon this the Duke of Buckingham struck his hat off, and took him by the periwig and pulled it aside and held him. My Lord Chamberlain and others interposed and both were ordered to the Tower."

Duels were still fashionable among members of the Commons in comparatively recent times. It is recorded that Disraeli challenged O'Connell after the latter had called him "a descendant of the impenitent thief on the cross." O'Connell, however, had taken a vow against dueling after killing D'Esterre twenty years before and habitually wore a black kid glove on his right hand as a mark of repentance for the deed.

There is an early instance where the whole House was nearly involved in armed conflict. A serious disturbance arose in committee of the House and reached such proportions that it threatened bloodshed. It was averted, we are told, by the presence of mind of the Speaker, who "very opportunely and prudently rising from his seat near the bar, in a very resolute and slow pace, made his three respects through the crowd and took the chair."

It is evident, therefore, that the parliamentary manners of our ancestors, like those of their descendants, will not bear too close an examination. If a tradition of past courtliness has grown up, it it because it seems but the natural accompaniment of a periwigged age, regarded through the dim telescope of time. We see them, these eighteenth-century legislators, in their dignity of court dress, lace ruffles and swords, and forget how they used to lie full length along their benches, sucking oranges and cracking nuts.

Their manners seem mellowed in the light of years and the malice that inspired their speeches is obscured by the florid imagery and rolling periods in which it was expressed. We condemn the rudeness with which Mr. Lansbury describes Lady Astor as "the most ignorant member in the House," but delight in the magnificence of phrase in which Chatham inquired of the Government of 1775: "Who can wonder that you should put a negative upon any measure which must annihilate your power, deprive you of your emoluments and at once reduce you to that state of insignificance for which God and nature designed you!"

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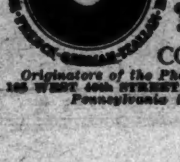

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